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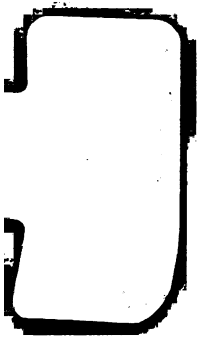

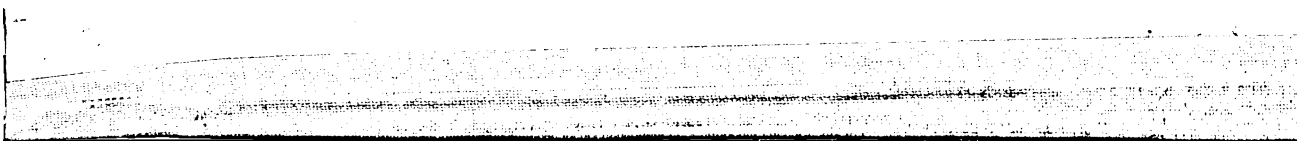

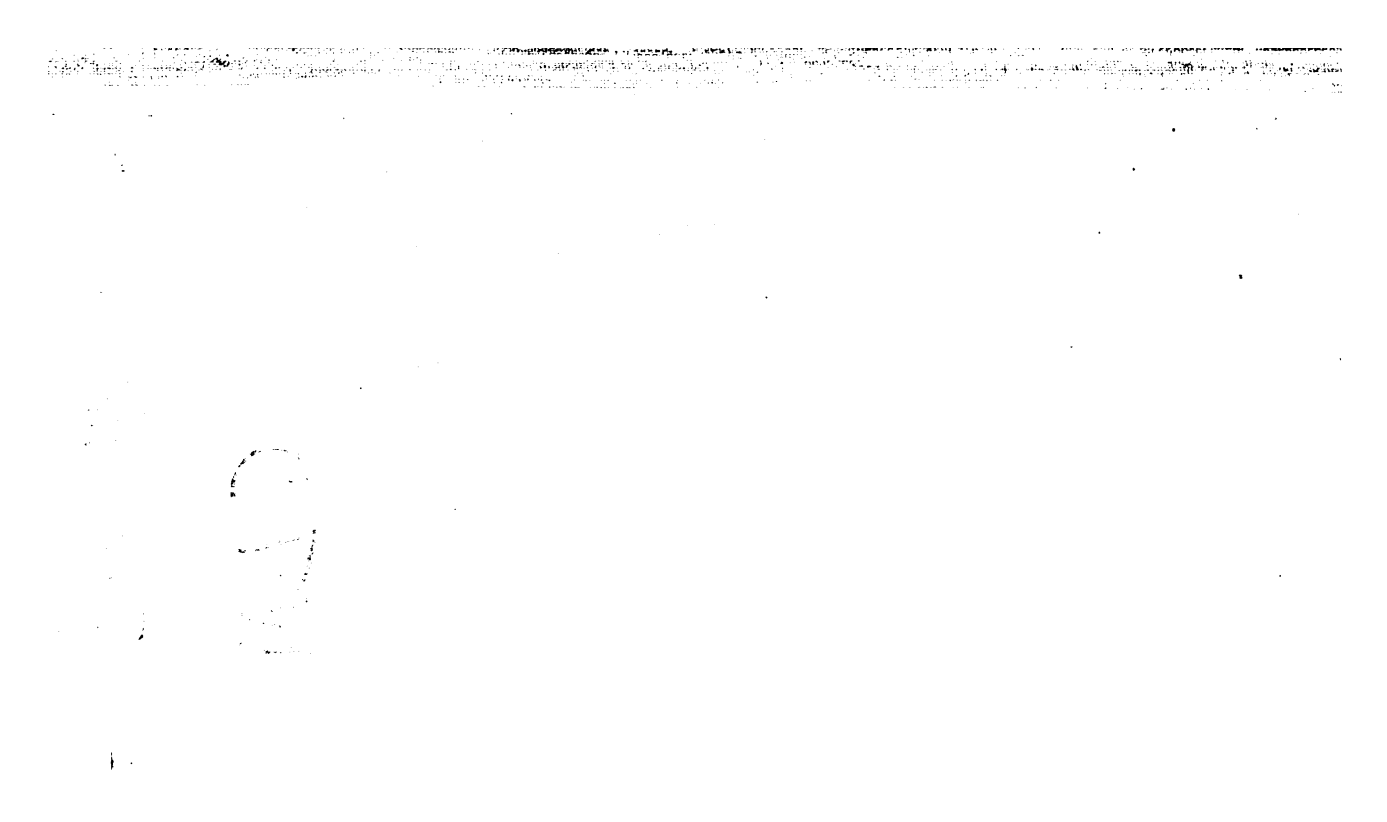

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LETTERS

FROM

THE MOUNTAINS;

BEING THE REAL

CORRESPONDENCE OF A LADY,

BETWEEN THE YEARS 1773 AND 1803.

—— "Memory swells
"With many a proof of recollected love."

THOMSON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

H G Holham

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1806.

ADVERTISEMENT.

LEST any of my readers ſhould indulge the expectation of meeting, in the enſuing pages, either ingenious fiction or amuſing narrative, it is but candid to undeceive them.

The ſimple and careleſs Letters here offered to the public, carry in themſelves the evidences of originality.—They are genuine, but broken and interrupted ſketches of a life ſpent in the moſt remote obſcurity. — Of the little intereſt ſuch ſketches might poſſeſs, much is loſt, by the neceſſity of withholding thoſe parts which contained

tained moſt of narrative and anecdote.

Why letters ſhould be publiſhed at all, comprehending ſo little to excite intereſt or gratify curioſity, is a queſtion that naturally ſuggeſts itſelf. It cannot be truly ſaid that the gratification of the reader could form an adequate motive for their publication: and from the nature of them, it is obvious that the unknown author could have no purpoſe of vanity to anſwer by it.—Yet may not a picture ſeldom drawn, peculiar in its ſhades and ſcenery, true to nature and chaſtely coloured;—may not ſuch a picture amuſe for a while, the leiſure of the idle and contemplative?—and it is hoped the images here offered of untutored ſentiment, of the taſtes, the feelings,

feelings, and habits of thoſe, who in the ſecret ſhades of privacy cultivate the ſimple duties and kindly affections of domeſtic life, may not be without utility.

The ſoul that riſes above its condition, and feels undefined and painful aſpirations after unattainable elegance and refinement, may here find an inducement to remain in ſafe obſcurity, contented with the love of truth, of nature, and the

" Humanizing muſe ;"

while thoſe diſtinguiſhed beings, who are at once the favourites of nature and of fortune, may learn to look with complacency on their fellow-minds in the vale of life, and to know that they too have their enjoyments.

The

The hope of such a result might, in some degree, console the writer of "The Letters from the Mountains," for the painful circumstance that has elicited their publication.

March 18, 1806.

LETTERS

LETTERS

FROM

THE MOUNTAINS.

LETTER I.

TO MISS E. OF GLASGOW.

OBAN, APRIL 30, 1773.

I HAD it not in my power to fulfil my promiſe at Inverary; however, I have taken the firſt opportunity of troubling you with the recital of my trifling adventures, if ſuch they may be called. After I parted with you, I was too much engroſſed by thinking of the dear friends I had left at Dumbarton, to make many obſervations. How good it was in your

aunt to treat you and H. with this excurſion, which lingered out the painful parting hour ſo much longer.—Alas! it is a bleak proſpect for a poor traveller, ſcarce ſeventeen, to go ſhe knows not where, to do ſhe knows not what, and live with ſhe knows not whom.—But, I carry my affections and my hopes with me.—We ſhall meet again, and that as people do in heaven, with increaſed love and knowledge.

When I began to recover my ſpirits, and look about me, I was greatly pleaſed with the romantically variegated banks of Loch Lomond. Luſs, with all its evergreens reflected in the pureſt of mirrors, enchants me; there is a peaceful gloom about it that reminds me of what I uſed to feel, when muſing between the Fir Park, and the Biſhop's Caſtle at the cathedral.—I believe one great reaſon of my preference of you and our dear H. above every body, was, that you ſeemed to feel and think as I did of that favourite place.—I can always

get

get people to laugh with me, and I like to laugh too, at times; but the difficult thing is to get one "ſoft, modeſt, melancholy female fair," that will be grave with me, and enter into my ſerious and ſolemn reflections, when I have them.

I think, if there was ſuch a thing allowable, or what is the ſame thing, faſhionable, a nunnery (a proteſtant one remember) might be very agreeably ſituated here. What would you think of ſuch a ſcheme? Do not miſtake me—I would not altogether intend this for a place of penance and mortification, but, rather as an aſylum from the levity and diſſipation of the age; where we might, uninfluenced by faſhion, and undiſturbed by pride and all the malignant paſſions that diſtract the giddy multitude, enjoy the tranquil pleaſures of a rural retirement. There, too, we might cultivate friendſhips, which might reſt on the baſis of reaſon, not only through time, but through eternity.

I think I ſee you ſmile, and hear you compare me to the fox in the fable; while from this ſolitude I rail at the loſt pleaſures of the dear town. I arrived here laſt night at eleven, after a tedious journey, in a very rainy day, through the *Mona Lin*, or grey mountain, an endleſs moor, without any road, except a ſmall foot-path, through which our guide conducted the horſes with difficulty. The height of the mountain is prodigious. Croſſing it, we were enveloped in the very region of ſtorms and clouds. A ſmall dreary lake, or abrupt grey crag, was the only variety which interrupted a ſcene, enough to fill any ſuſceptible mind with awe and horror. I am now ſitting in the ſame rainy weather, in a houſe on the very edge of a ſea, ſprinkled with numberleſs iſlands. But I mean to give you an account rather of myſelf than of the country, when the fatigue and depreſſion produced by yeſterday's aweful journey are over. I refer you to H. for an account of the de-

light

light with which I beheld Inverary. I don't know whether I am moſt dazzled with the duke's houſe, which has all the antique grandeur of a Gothic caſtle, without its diſmal gloom and petty incumbrances, or with the gaiety and frankneſs of the people. But my fancy was moſt of all ſtruck with the great beeches on the lawn, and the beautiful creſcent which the ſmooth ſandy ſhore makes round the bay on which the town ſtands. I am fallen in love too, deeply, hopeleſsly, in love, with the old gentleman; ſo would you, if you were here; he is ſo lively, well bred, and intelligent; your commercial beaux would appear clowns, and your military ones coxcombs, compared to him.—Pity he is about ſeventy, and has been thrice married. M. looks very pretty, is very buſy, and very much a houſewife—ſhe ſends kind wiſhes to your ſiſter, whom ſhe likes almoſt as well as I like you.

Farewell, affectionately.

LETTER II.

TO MISS H. R. OF GLASGOW.

INVERARY, APRIL 28, 1773.

MY deareſt H. I have been ſeriouſly thinking all the way to Luſs, how little we know ourſelves, and what odd beings we are.—We left * Balclutha ſo mournful, "thin darkneſs covered our beauty,—and we looked forth from our hill, like half ſeen ſtars, through the rainy clouds of night. The ſigh of the manly youths awaited our departure, and we went away—very ſad indeed." I am ſure if St. Mungo's ſpire were capable of gratitude, it owes me ſome, for the many ſad looks I caſt back at it.—I ſhall ever love my dear native Balclutha, not only for what I enjoyed, but for what

* Glaſgow.

I ſuf-

I ſuffered in it. What I have ſuffered was the common lot of humanity; what I have enjoyed was much more, for who ever had ſuch friends as mine? But now to our recollections.—Who would have ſuppoſed, when we were at Dumbarton, that ever we ſhould have dried our eyes? Yet when we met in the great room, when the ſea-born ſwains from Greenock joined us, when "the flame roſe from the burning oak," we roſe to ſerene, thence to cheerful, and had we not been forced to part ſo ſoon, we might have got up to *hilarity*. Then, when the great ſtruggle came, and we did really part, I thought my heart would break; and your laſt words ſounded in my ears like a knell; and I thought I ſhould not ſmile this whole ſummer.—I read the folded paper J. H. gave me to amuſe me when I ſtept into the carriage, about which you were ſo curious; it related to real events, and was

"So ſad, ſo tender, and ſo true."

'Twas from a young man of merit and parts; who, by a love marriage, had, alas! condemned himſelf to perpetual poverty. He had gone to ſcramble among the wealth of England for a ſubſiſtence.—Why ſhould I tell of his ſorrows and diſappointments? Finally, my ſiſter, he wrote this letter to a friend, (probably J. H. himſelf,) under thoſe impreſſions which approaching death inſpired. That princely knight errant, Francis the Firſt, wrote his mother from the field of a loſt battle: "Madam, all is loſt but honour"—good—but this is better ſtill.—The reſult is—all is loſt but a ſure confidence in the Divine mercy.—And what elſe can a poor finite creature hold to, when the world and all that is dear and lovely in it, fades from his ſight? It was a most affecting letter: "I wept abundant, and I wept aloud." Yet alas! I fear they were not ſuch generous tears as you might ſuppoſe. If I had not been ſo very ſorry myſelf, I ſhould not have been ſo eaſily melted.

melted. Well, now I was very ſure I would not ſmile this ſummer, nor yet read any book but the Bible and the Night Thoughts; even the Odyſſey was to be rejected.—And thus I travelled on, ſo ſerious, and ſo ſad.—I was got far beyond moralizing; and then came on ſuch ſmall, ſoft, melancholy rain, and Ben Lomond's great head was wrapt in ſuch a veil of thick clouds, that the nearer we drew, the leſs we ſaw of it.—And as to my three friends, they ſhewed as much ſenſe and feeling as Job's did, at firſt, whoſe ſilence on an occaſion which common minds would have ſeized to ſay common things, I always admired.—In ſhort the whole party ſeemed loſt in meditation, till the ſight of Loch Lomond rouſed us. What a happy faculty is an active imagination to combat the evils of ſickly ſenſibility!—I paſt over all the beautiful groves and corn fields that adorn the lower ſide, for I had ſeen ſuch things before, and they brought images of

happineſs and tranquillity my mind could not reliſh in its depreſſed ſtate. But the ſolemn and melancholy grandeur of the lofty dark mountains, and abrupt rocks tufted with heath and juniper, that roſe on the other ſide of the lake, and ſeemed to cloſe its upper end, arreſted my attention at once.—I peopled their narrow and gloomy glens with thoſe vindictive clans, that uſed to make ſuch fatal incurſions of old.—I thought I ſaw Bruce and his faithful few aſcending them, in his forced flight from Bute. A train of departed heroes ſeemed to paſs on their clouds in long review, and—do but gueſs who cloſed the proceſſion—no other than the notorious Rob Roy, riding up the Loch ſide with the lady he forced away, and the "twenty men in order," who make ſuch a figure in the ballad. My mother knew the family, and tells the whole hiſtory of the tranſaction. The lady, it would appear, was too delicate a ſubject for ſuch a rough adventure,

ture, for ſhe died of grief very ſoon after. I ſaw M. M.'s dwelling, beneath romantic cliffs, and by a roaring ſtream, but I was not near enough to trace her ſtately ſteps. I made a happy tranſition from Rob Roy, to think of her, and her good books, and her cheerful piety; ſuch an example to us all.—Pray tell her I will never forget her.

All this brought us to Luſs, which I am too lazy to deſcribe twice; ſo muſt refer you to B.—. But I will tell you how I took a penſive walk to admire * Inchmarron, and the ſetting ſun, while dinner was preparing. There "I chewed the food of ſweet and bitter fancy," and felt ſome of thoſe painful twitches, or ſpaſms (are they not?) in my breaſt, that remind

* Inchmarron is a beautiful iſland in Loch Lomond, three miles long, narrow and woody. It ſerves as a park for deer, and is the more intereſting from being choſen ſometimes as a retreat for harmleſs maniacs, who roam at large, and lodge with the foreſter.

one how much the ſoul is ſuperior to the frame that is thus influenced by it. Dinner brought us together, converſation grew inſenſibly cheerful;—our Greenock friend amuſed us with amphibious humour, ſuch as all the weſt coaſt abounds in,—and before tea your friend, who was not to relax a muſcle this year, more than half ſmiled, and by ſupper time laughed outright.—But truly might I ſay, that, "in the midſt of laughter the heart is ſad." Give me credit for my honeſty, imitate my ſincerity, and tell me when *you* laughed firſt.—In the mean time I will tell you ſomething to laugh at: My "three friends" being engaged in a long diſcourſe replete with Argyleſhire genealogy, I was for a while quite abſtracted;—my Oſſianic mania returned with double force; where every blaſt ſeemed to touch a viewleſs harp; and every paſſing cloud brightened with the beams of the moon, appeared to my mind's eye a vehicle for the ſhades of the lovely

and

and the brave that live in the ſongs of other times. How ſoftly ſweet, how ſadly plaintive, were the ſtrains that now arreſted my attention! from the dark caverns of the kitchen they proceeded, and, through the looſe disjointed floor of our apartment, they

"Roſe like a ſteam of rich diſtill'd perfumes."

This muſic was both vocal and inſtrumental; but no ſuch voice, no ſuch inſtrument, had I ever heard. Could I ſit ſtill when curioſity was ſo powerfully excited? Believe I did not, but, ſtealing down on tiptoe, beheld—a great dark-browed highlander, ſitting double over the fire, and playing, "Macgrigor na Ruara," on two * trumps at once, while a nymph, half hidden amongſt her heavy locks, was pacing backwards, turning a great wheel, and keeping time with voice and ſteps to his mournful tones. —I retired, not a little diſconcerted, and

* Jews' Harps.

dreamt

dreamt all night of you and Malvina by turns. Spring appears here but in early infancy. Yet how can I tell you how mildly beautiful the ſun aroſe over the diſtant hills of Morven; or, with what ſecret veneration I traced the footſteps of my fathers along their blue gleaming lakes, or through their narrow vales. I ſaw, in the courſe of this morning's ride, Glenfalach, in a ſecret nook at the end of Lochloney, I think it is called; a name ſignifying the hidden vale, and hidden it certainly is.—One would think it a ſad exile to live in one of theſe receſſes; yet, by what I can gather from the converſation of our friends, people ſomehow contrive to be both gay and buſy here.

We drew near Lochaw, and caught a glimpſe of Barabreack, familiar to me as the often-deſcribed abode of my anceſtors. —Here we had a long detail of their ſimple manner of life, their humble virtues, and the affectionate confidence that ſubſiſted between

between them and their copartners in the ſame poſſeſſion. My father delighted to ſhew us the ſtream where he firſt caught a trout, and the little iſland which had been the object of his firſt excurſion in ſearch of nuts and raſpberries: and I liſtened with delight to tales of other times, told with ſo much animation; I felt as proud of the genuine worth, and unſtained probity of my anceſtors, as if they had been all that the world admires and envies, and only wiſhed that I might not prove unworthy of them. I have already forgotten the name of the place we breakfaſted at; but there our fellow-traveller, or attendant rather, forſook us; and there we picked up an original of quite another kind.—The carriage was detained while one of the horſes was ſhod, and I took that opportunity of gathering ſome of the freſheſt primroſes I had ever ſeen, from the roots of weeping birch, that actually "wept odorous dews" upon me, as I ſheltered under its drooping branches.

How

How do I love theſe artleſs bowers, and how much I wiſh to have you with me here, to tell you things that no other mortal would underſtand or care for! My walk was ſtopped by ſtreams, whoſe deſcent into the lake was covered by thick ſhades of alder and hazle, that reminded me of the creak where Ulyſſes went on ſhore in Phæacia, and then I wiſhed I had my Odyſſey out of the chaiſe. But alas! no Odyſſey was to be had. Then I was called to breakfaſt, in an upper room, the floor of which was much worſe than that at Luſs; and indeed pervious to every ſound. We had taken poſſeſſion of the only tolerable room, and a newly-arrived traveller was heard growling for his breakfaſt below. —He did not ſwear, but was ſo fretful and querulous; ſo diſpleaſed with every thing that was given or ſaid to him, and his manner of growling too was ſo amuſing, he ſhewed ſo much ingenuity in diſcovering faults in every thing, that I burſt out a laughing, and

ſaid

ſaid we were certainly haunted by the ghoſt of Smelfungus, of whom Sterne gives ſuch an amuſing account. By the bye, we had juſt that morning paſſed, "*with reverence due*," the monument of the original Smelfungus, which riſes near his native ſpot, beſide his favourite lake, which he delights to deſcribe in Humphrey Clinker. Tea was prepared, but still thunder muttered hoarſe below.

My father, inquiring about the ſtranger, and, finding he was a gentleman's ſon of the country, very good-naturedly ſent him an invitation to breakfaſt; for he concluded the houſe (a very poor one) could not furniſh two breakfaſts, with their apparatus (of equal elegance), and that this occaſioned the ill humour by which we were incommoded. He was a ſtudent, travelling home from college; he left all his irritability below, and came up with an air ſo manly, well-bred, and accommodating, that, had we not received ſome previous intelli-

intelligence of his character through the floor, we ſhould have thought highly of him;—yet, through the ſtrong lines of a marked and ſenſible countenance, the ſcowl of diſcontent was but too obvious. I, who for my part deteſt every mode of ſelfiſh luxury, could not endure to ſee a native highlander make his good humour dependant on a good breakfaſt, and was moreover diſguſted by certain learned ſtrictures on new-laid eggs, which I am ſure made no part of his college acquiſitions. Then his appearance was ſo manly, that this puppyiſm was doubly provoking. However he ſweetened by degrees into an agreeable and intelligent fellow-traveller. But, O! not a ſingle ſpark of enthuſiaſm! Oſſian himſelf was never blinder than he is to the ſoul-moving beauties of that bard.

Why, after tiring you and myſelf with ſuch a detail, ſhould I tell you of the horrors of Glencoe, through which we travelled in a diſmal rainy day? In one particular,

ticular, I dare ſay, I agreed with the ſtranger, for I really thought dinner the moſt intereſting event of this day's journey, not merely as a repaſt, but the manner of it was ſo novel. There was a little inn, thatched and humbler than any of the former; we came very cold to it; we found a well-ſwept clay floor, and an enlivening blaze of peats and bruſhwood, two windows looking out upon the loch we were to croſs, and a primitive old couple, whoſe freſh complexion made you wonder at their ſilver hairs. All the apparatus of fiſhing and hunting were ſuſpended in the roof; I thought myſelf in Ithaca, though Homer does not ſpeak of peats or trout, and far leſs of grouſe. The people ſhewed an alacrity in welcoming us, and a concern about our being wet and cold, that could not have been aſſumed. I never took ſuch a ſudden liking to people ſo far out of my own way. I ſuppoſe we are charmed with cheerfulneſs and ſenſibility in old people, becauſe

becauſe we don't expect it; and with unſervile courteſy in the low claſs, for the ſame reaſon. "How populous, how vital is the grave!" ſays your favourite Young, "how populous, how vital are the glens!" I ſhould be tempted to ſay here; but after the "ſtupendous ſolitude," through which we had juſt paſſed, the blazing hearth and kindly hoſt had peculiar attractions.

Shall I tell you of our dinner?—never before did I blot paper with ſuch a detail; but it is inſtructive to know how cheaply we may be pleaſed. On a clean table of two fir deals we had as clean a cloth, trout new from the lake, eggs freſh as our ſtudent's heart could wiſh; *kippered* ſalmon, fine new-made butter and barley-cakes, which we preferred to the loaf we had brought with us. Smelfungus began to mutter about the cookery of our trouts; I pronounced them very well dreſt out of pure ſpite; for, by this time, I could not endure him, for the pains he took to mortify the

good

good people, and to ſhew us, he had been uſed to lodge and dine better. I feaſted, and was quite entranced, thinking how you would enjoy all that I enjoyed. Dear H—, how my heart longs for you, when I think how yours is made to ſhare all my wild pleaſures!

The boat was croſſing with other paſſengers over the ferry, which is very wide. —We were forced to wait its arrival two hours; to me very ſhort ones; one of them I have given to you, for I could never tell you all this when the warm feeling of the minute had worn off. I have kept my promiſe of being minute moſt religiouſly; —there is merit in it.

For you I have forſaken Smelfungus, who is yonder walking on the Loch ſide, in all the ſurly dignity of diſpleaſure. I am going to tea, and will put him in good humour, with queſtions about his college. What a pleaſant tea-drinking! the old man knew all my father's uncles, and the good woman was ſo pleaſed with my intereſt in

her houſehold œconomy! It produced a veniſon ham, ſacred to favourites, and every other good thing ſhe had; every one was pleaſed, and Smelfungus himſelf became,

"As mild and patient as the female dove,
When firſt her golden couplets are diſclos'd."

And here I conclude this long letter to begin another at Inverary. Innocent, beloved, and amiable, what more can I wiſh you, that will not riſk a ſhare of your happineſs?

Adieu, Beloved!

LETTER III.

TO MISS R.

INVERARY, APRIL 29, 1773.

IF ſuch a ſnarler as Smelfungus is ſo undeſervedly happy as to have an H—to care for every thing he does, and think his rambling

rambling letters intereſting, I fancy he is now pouring out to that favoured fair one a doleful complaint of thoſe " vapours, and clouds, and ſtorms," which only exalted me to " ſolemn thoughts." He indeed has a better title to call them " kindred glooms," yet he does not ſeem very fond of theſe aërial relations.—He and I are a complete contraſt: he has nothing of a highlander but by his birth;—now that is the preciſe and only circumſtance wanting to make me a complete one—Such a day as we had after croſſing the ferry! —ſuch torrents! Our carriage ſtood us in good ſtead, when we left the boat, in which indeed we got completely wet. But, alas! for the unſheltered head of Smelſungus, and for the new hat he was ſo careful of. Wet and weary,—late and dreary, we arrived. And yet I was not depreſſed. O that I could ſhare with you the muſings that abſorbed my whole ſoul this evening.—They pertained not to the earth;

earth; nor any of its preſent inhabitants. There are ſome ſolemn hours, when the wings of the ſoul are expanded to purſue the flights of the departed.—When balanced betwixt hope and fear, we hover over the abyſs we are forbidden to explore, and anticipate the hour when the "graves ſhall give up their dead."—Did you not tell me to write my thoughts juſt as they occurred? How elſe ſhould we converſe in abſence? —how keep the flame that warms my heart alive? Believe me, I carry the ſame ſentiments and recollections with me here, that uſed to be my companions at the Fir Park, or the Bogten Linn, to which latter preſent my reſpects, when you trace my old haunts. The approach to this city of the mountains was ſo veiled in miſt, that I could only admire, through watery moon-beams, the ſemicircular ſweep the beach forms round the lake, but I ſhall be here all day to-morrow, and tell you all that pleaſes me. I leave to S—. to chronicle complaints; if

if he felt as acutely as I do, he would have no pleaſure in recording his painful feelings, which is to ſuffer them twice.

Five in the Morning.

What a long ſweet oblivion of ſorrow and fatigue have I had ſince nine laſt night! After diſcharging ſuperior duties, I am greatly tempted to worſhip the ſun. His firſt appearance from the ſea was ſo overpowering after his long abſence. There he is, "Round as the ſhield of my fathers," —teaching the mountains to rejoice, and the waves to roll in light. "Whence are thy beams, O Sun?" I am not mad, moſt *gentle* H—. though you may think I do not quite ſpeak the words of truth and ſoberneſs. But conſider it is the ſpring of day, of life, and of the year, and indulge me in rejoicing a little, after I have mourned ſo much and ſo truly. How could I exiſt, feeling ſorrow ſo poignantly, if the fair face of nature had not peculiar charms,

endleſs ſources of delight for me, though my ſorrows ſhould be multiplied, as very likely they may. I ſhall have conſolations peculiarly my own, that, like Milton's ſweet muſic,

"Will breathe
Above, about, and underneath."

How literal this truth is, the dulcet ſounds that ſtole through the floor at Luſs may teſtify.—A little dreſs, a little Odyſſey, a little breakfaſt, and then,—I ſhall behold the faces of my kindred.——I have ſeen them; and here they come in ſucceſſion. - - - - Now, I truſt, you are tired of characters, and may come willingly down to ſtill life.—Laſt ſummer you heard half a dozen ample deſcriptions of Inverary; this ſummer, it is very likely, you may have as many more; and that from people not ſo ſubject to the digreſſive infirmity as your friend. Depend upon theſe matter-of-fact people for an account of this princely edifice, and its dependencies; I ſhall merely tell you of particulars

ticulars that ſtruck me moſt forcibly;—premiſing that this caſtle, as they call it here, is not finiſhed within.—Firſt, then, the Gothic grandeur of the hall, open to the very top, and lighted by a cupola, delighted me; 'tis like a receptacle for the train of a mighty chieftain, and quite in uniſon with the boldneſs of the neighbouring ſcenery. There is a kind of gallery or corridor carried round this hall, from which you enter the upper rooms; the doors of theſe you ſee all in one view, as you ſtand in the hall.—'Tis not like any thing you ever ſaw before; yet I am ſure you would admire it. We were ſuddenly uſhered into a beautiful ſummer-parlour, which had a ſaſhed door that opened into a beautiful lawn. Will you believe me, when I tell you, that I thought, for a moment, I was in the open fields, ſurrounded by people engaged in rural ſports, the ſcene was ſo lively, and ruſhed ſo ſuddenly on me. The firſt thing that

awoke me to the knowledge of what I was about, was the different ſtyle of the countenances from thoſe I was accuſtomed to ſee. What ſhould this be but a room hung with Gobelins' tapeſtry, whoſe magical perfection of reſemblance, made you think the hay-makers and children lived and moved. And for the trees, I am ſure your nephew Francis would have tried to climb them.—I ſaid, reluctantly, "Adieu, ye woods;" and yet, after all, I am not ſure I ſhould like ſuch a room, unleſs merely to wonder and gaze at. Can it be the love of truth in the mind, that recoils at a very near deception?—Wax figures, and very excellent trees in tapeſtry make me ſomething like Young's monkies, who, "at a mirror ſtand amazed;"—"they fail to find what they do plainly ſee."—I did not "peep and chatter," but my wonder felt ſomething like diſappointment. I was diſappointed too in ſeeing ſo few pictures.—I ſhould like to find

find portraits in this region of beauty, the lord and lady of which could only have been parallels to each other.

I am told their children excel even the Hamilton family.—So they ſhould, having a double claim; their father having been a model of manly grace in his day, though now a little jaundiced with ſtomach complaints. And here I could find in my heart to ſtop and rail at the world, which, you know, I bear no great good will to. One hears ſo little about him, he is ſo quietly paſſed over to make room for daſhers, and boaſters, and fighters, and talkers.—*He* does not wiſh to be talked of, 'tis certain, but then I would not have them quite ſo complaiſant as to give him all his will in this particular. Seek for a great man's true and ſolid praiſe at his own door, among his tenants and neighbours; and let it be a material part of his praiſe, that he has neighbours, that is to ſay, that he lives at home among them.—In this particular the Duke

is unrivalled and alone. Every mouth here will tell you of ſome of theſe "quiet waters, ſoft and ſlow," that ſteal ſilently on, carrying bounty, and beneficence, into all the corners of obſcurity. Don't be tired now: for I have a whole volume to write of this good Duke's worth, and wiſdom, which improves and bleſſes the whole country; but I can no more

"Let him ſtill the ſecret joy partake,
To follow virtue, ev'n for virtue's ſake."

Yet, I hope, when this modeſt and amiable benefactor of mankind ſleeps with his fathers, and when the tenants have ceaſed to ſay,

"He is the beſt of countrymen;"

(a word equivalent to patriot) ſome powerful voice ſhall ſay with effect,

"Riſe, muſes, riſe, add all your tuneful breath,
Such muſt not ſleep in darkneſs and in death."

For, as much as I was bent on dying laſt winter, I may ſtill hear theſe notes:—

"Sweet to the world, and grateful to the ſkies."

You

You will ſay I am quite carried off, but I feel the patriot paſſion ſtrong myſelf, and am charmed when I find one actually doing all that I dream of doing. The offices of this fabric are magnificent for their purpoſes, and the roads leading to them wonders; but what I greatly wonder at is, that they ſhould place them at ſuch a diſtance as to require ſuch roads. I believe there is no danger of my ever living in a great houſe, and I am not ſorry for it. There is ſuch a ſtately abſence of all comfort; every thing that unſophiſticated nature delights to cling to, is put ſo far away, and the owner ſeems ſomehow alone in the middle of his works, like Nebuchadnezzar, ſaying, "Behold now this great Babylon which I have made."—I ſhould be very ſorry to have my poor houhynms where I could neither hear them neigh, nor ſee them ſhake their necks, clothed with thunder. Suppoſe me above looking at hens and ducks, I ſhould not like to have my ſtately

peacocks, and majeſtic ſwans, ſwimming and ſweeping a mile off. The gardens too muſt keep their diſtance. What have poor Flora and Pomona done, to deſerve baniſhment? As for the ſheltering Dryads of antiquity, they are all marched off, for no reaſon that I can think of, but their being grown old maids, and the bleak blaſts ſeem invited in their ſtead. I wonder whether people are to live longer in theſe temples of Eolus, than they did in the ſheltered "halls of other days," where every thing around them was animated and intereſting. I wiſh you could but once ſee the moon ſhine on Loch Fyne, and the ſhadow of Dunignaich falling on the great houſe. Now, you muſt obſerve, the bay forms a perfect creſcent, the caſtle, ſurmounted by Dunignaich aforeſaid, and ſkirted at great diſtance by offices, adorns one end of the creſcent; on the very edge of the bay ſtands Inverary, a mean-looking yet chearful and populous place, deriving a peculiar beauty

from

from its ſituation.—'Tis one ſtreet facing the water, and beyond it a fine road, ſurrounded by a beautiful lawn, ſprinkled with prodigious beech-trees, ſweeps from one horn of the creſcent to the other. I hear, and, being no friend to alterations, am ſorry to hear, that this ancient town is to be tranſported and removed to the other horn of the creſcent, where the inn and cuſtom-houſe now ſtand. This will augment the ſolitary grandeur of the houſe by throwing every thing far from it. The Duke, who does every thing well that he takes in hand, will, no doubt, raiſe finer buildings; but they will only look like children's card-houſes, as the preſent ſet appear like molehills. Nature here is ſo vaſt and grand, that the works of art diminiſh to nothing in her awful preſence. I dare ſay, looking from Benleddi, the caſtle would appear attached to Dunignaich, like Grildrig's box at the girdle of Glumdalclitch.

We ſpent the evening with the ſame relations we had ſeen in the forenoon. Our old friend, the C.'s ſiſter, is a moſt ſingular evergreen; indeed ſhe reſembles himſelf a good deal; thin, lively, tall, erect, with a keen expreſſive eye, and a freſh youthful complexion, though much above ſeventy. Awake and alive to every thing, always amuſing, occaſionally facetious, and abounding in anecdote; ſhe has ſeen many ſorrows, and borne them—firmly, to ſay the leaſt. There were aſſembled at ſupper - - - - - - - - . I like the kindneſs and frankneſs of theſe friends vaſtly.

A ſiſter of Dr. M—, whom you may remember with us laſt winter, is newly married to one of theſe couſins. She has been growing wiſe for half a century, without cooling in her benevolence in the region of celibacy. She was always a good creature, and a friend to all the friendleſs; and has now an occupation well ſuited to ſuch a diſpoſition. I am ſure he married her

beautileſs

beautileſs and moneyleſs, as ſhe was, that ſhe might be a kind ſtepmother. And ſo ſhe is, and ſeems ſo pleaſed with having a family to rear.—She puts me very much in mind of a hen with an alien brood of young ducks. If I were to marry at all, which is very unlikely, thinking on many ſubjects as I do, I could be eaſily reconciled to a ready-made family, ſuppoſing them docile and grateful. I can eaſily comprehend how one could adopt them to one's affections. Then think of being quit of their plague while they are mere vegetables, and then become mere animals; and think of the credit one would get for being kind to theſe ready-made innocents. And moreover the ſtrong hold ſuch generoſitiy would give you of your lord's affections. Now if there was any office that would inſure one againſt paying mother Eve's penalty, I think breeding ducks would be no bad ſpeculation. But indeed you may depend upon it we ſhall

never be ſo happy as we have been.—No, never.

The collector's horſes are juſt arrived; we muſt leave Inverary to-morrow,—and it will rain,—and I am ſo ſorry,—and I have not half ſeen it, nor taken leave of poor Smelfungus. I will take leave of you, however; and, if I come alive to Oban, will riſe at five every morning to write to you.

Good night, beloved!

LETTER IV.

TO MISS R.

OBAN, APRIL 30, 1773.

HERE I am, but dreadfully tired;—tired of rain;—tired of riding;—tired of long moors, but, above all, of long deſcriptions:—See my letter to B—, where you will find how I came through the Mona Lin. O, never was moor ſo long and ſo ſolitary!

You will ſay my active imagination might people the brown deſart; ſo it did, but it was with fleeting ſpectres, and half-ſeen viſions, melting into grey miſt. *A-propos* to our ducklings,—you can't think how my ſpirit was refreſhed by a flock of wild ones, that took flight from a ſmall lake in that ſame dreary moor. I ſaw, or thought I ſaw, two or three deer through the miſt, and that did me a great deal of good.—Still more, I was ſupported by a benevolent project for the reformation of ſome of our friends,—I mean ſuch of them as do, or ſay, no great harm, but who ſo bewilder their brains and waſte their time among endleſs mazes of ribbon and lace, and tattle and tales, and "pribbles and prabbles," as honeſt Parſon Evans calls them, that, I am convinced, ſome ſolitary pilgrimages over the brown deſart might wean them from this endleſs trifling, and teach them firſt to think,—and then, "on reaſon build reſolve," which might be found "a column

of

of true dignity," even in woman. But I will no longer bewilder you among my meditations. The general result, however, was, that we should be oftener alone.—I am sure I have little merit to claim from superior reflection or culture. Could I have indulged myself in the society of others of my age, I should, most probably, have done as they did.—Had I been educated like other people, I should not have felt the necessity of educating myself.

If, therefore, my thinking and reading have been of any advantage, they are merely the result of certain painful and discouraging privations.—If others were secluded like me, or exiled, as I am about to be, from all that was wont to please, they would be forced to seek resources within themselves. This too might be a cure for vanity. I can easily suppose recluses proud, but it is among frivolous society people grow vain. We are proud of what we certainly possess, but vanity only seeks

credit

credit for ſeeming, and is juſt as well ſatiſfied to be admired for rouge as for native bloom. It lives in the breath of others, and dies when it is no longer ſeen.

Don't think I am ſo new-fangled as to begin to rail at the town, which I have juſt quitted, out of fondneſs for a country which is ſo new to me, and which, very probably, I may not like. But I am ſo provoked at the tireſome ſameneſs of treading one inſignificant road for ever.—Were it a week, a month, a ſeaſon, that was to to be conſumed in impertinence and inſignificance;—but all day long, and every day, and to grow old in it, and die without having lived to any conſiderable purpoſe!—People in the country may be abundantly ſilly and ſelfiſh, but the paſſion for deſpicable and corrupting novelties is not ſo conſtantly fed. When the heart is chaſtened by adverſity, or ſoftened by ſorrow, the ſalutary impreſſion is not too ſoon effaced. The mind is in a manner forced

on

on the contemplation of nature, and I don't know how any one can ſee one's Maker in his greateſt works, without being the better and the wiſer for it. Yet to thoſe who are truly deſirous of improvement, the town affords greater choice of ſociety. That, and that alone, I regret in leaving it. I will not be ſo cruel as to carry you back to the moor, but I will tell you how it terminated. We deſcended into low grounds, in view of the ſea, about twilight, and there was my ſpirit exhilarated with the ſight of Glenſeuchan. The ſweet ſtream that winds by it, the green paſtoral vale ſheltered by an ever-hanging mountain, in which it lies, the birch grove, in which the houſe is emboſomed, and, above all, the air of "animated peace," which it derived from the return of the cattle and the ſervants, at the evening hour; and, moreover, the idea of the warm welcome I ſhould receive from that agreeable romp M. C. whom you have ſeen with me laſt winter; all this

preſſed

preſſed ſo forcibly on my mind, that I would have given any thing to ſtop here; but this indulgence was not permitted, ſo with a heavy heart, I went on, and I did not reach Oban till eleven.

Are the cares of a houſehold productive of the ſame alteration in manner that we have often obſerved to be the reſult of matrimony? M. M. and I were too unlike to be congenial; but kindred, and thoſe who live together in a perpetual interchange of kindneſs, may love without aſſimilating, and even though their views and purſuits ſhould be very different. That was preciſely the caſe with M. and I, when ſhe lived with us; though ſhe has little taſte, no refinement, and not the ſmalleſt thirſt for knowledge, ſhe is not heartleſs, has a good underſtanding, and a quick apprehenſion of the ludicrous.—I am ſure, too, ſhe loves me as well as ſhe does any one elſe, and ſo ſhe ought; indeed ſhe ſeems to love me ſtill, and is all kindneſs and attention;

tention; yet there is a viſible conſtraint about her.—She is often abſent, and does not enter into the ſpirit of raillery, or what ſhe uſed to call fun. Who could ever think of M.'s being abſtracted, and yet abſtracted ſhe certainly is.—I wonder much how people ſhould be ſo fond of marrying, when the cares of a houſehold make ſuch an alteration on a girl not ſixteen. She manages ſurpriſingly, and pays an attention to every thing, which I am ſure I could not do, though I am older and accounted more ſedate.—It is very encouraging to her to ſee how much her father is pleaſed with every thing ſhe does.—And I am ſo pleaſed with her father;—he is a delightful old man. If his are the manners of the old court, I wiſh I had lived a little earlier. He is not the leaſt formal. Indeed he has lived ſo much among military people, and has ſo much of their general knowledge, and general politeneſs, that his are rather the manners of an old officer. - - - - - -

He

He delights to talk of his "laſt friend," who I believe was an amiable woman, and lived happily with him, for the ſhort time their union laſted; though the difference of age amounted to little leſs than fifty years. I muſt ſurely have told you the ſingular hiſtory of that marriage.—The only fruit of it, a little girl not three years old, is a creature you could not ſee without loving.—He doats upon her, and I do not wonder at it; every look and motion of the dear little orphan charms one.—She is pretty too, though not remarkably; but ſhe ſhews ſenſe and feeling that is incredible. The ſweet creature follows me already.—I never ſaw a child half ſo intereſting.—Good night; I will tell you to morrow what kind of place this is; this day I have devoted to the people.—Beſides, it ſnows ſo hard, as to remind me of your favourite poem,

"Oft for the proſpects ſprightly May ſhould yield
Rain-pouring clouds have darken'd all the air,
And ſnows untimely whiten'd o'er the field."

LETTER V.

TO MISS R.

OBAN, MAY 2, 1773.

THE morning is clear and mild, and ſomething like what May ought to be.

The collector's dwelling houſe forms part of the cuſtom-houſe; it ſtands on the verge of this fine bay. The tide flows up to the door, but retires half a mile back, and diſcovers a ſcene very new and amuſing to me, who have never been at the ſea-ſide except in embarking and debarking. Vaſt ſtones, where the footing is difficult, mixed with gravel, ſhells, and ſea-weed, compoſe the extenſive beach, which the ebbing ſea leaves naked.—I propoſe indulging my delight in overcoming difficulties, and exploring odd places and odd things, by many a walk in purſuit of the retreating ſea-nymphs. For you

you muſt know 'tis ſettled I am to ſtay till June, when the collector and M. are to conduct me to Fort William, where my father will meet me.—I am glad of it, I ſhall not be kept ſo buſy, and have more ſociety and amuſement. Here is an excellent library, left the collector by that ill-fated brother who was the patron of my father's orphan childhood. His fine talents, and finer feelings, ſerved only to embitter misfortunes ſuch as could not have happened to a common man.—" His morals were ſpotleſs; and he was not the victim of raſhneſs and imprudence, as is often the caſe, with theſe " fine ſouls too feelingly alive," nor was poverty among the number of thoſe misfortunes which purſued, and at length overwhelmed him. His fate was very ſingular indeed; he might have been ſaid to die a martyr to wounded honour. Had he died when the wound was inflicted, his fate would have been comparatively mild; but a man whoſe form, whoſe manners, whoſe mind,

mind, were diſtinguiſhed, above all others, by peculiar elegance, to languiſh in painful obſcurity, branded by a ſet of miſcreants with the diſgrace of treachery, which his ſoul abhorred. All his patriotic plans for the improvement of the country, all his plans of life and hopes of happineſs, blaſted by a malignity too baſe and ſecret to be expoſed, and too barbarous to be reſiſted! —When forced by the machinations of his arch enemy Lord J. to ſell his company in the 42d, he tryed to amuſe himſelf by rural occupations in his native country, for his mind was too deeply wounded to find ſolace in thoſe literary purſuits, to which he had been formerly ſo much attached, and in which, if we may judge by his letters, he was ſo qualified to excel.— A hypocondriac affection, which made life burdenſome to him, and often tempted him to throw off the load, made him frequently change his abode, " though well aware, that change of place was only change of pain."

pain."—Melancholy ſolitude, and the corroding remembrance of an irremediable misfortune, foured the moſt gentle and benignant of mortals into abſolute miſanthropy. I am interrupted, and cannot detail the painful ſtory of his death. It was a ſad termination indeed, but not ſelf-urged. Such a man could not be ſo utterly forſaken,—he has haunted me ever ſince I came here.—I ſhall never open a book of his without a pang.—What a tranſition from the perſon I have been deſcribing to thoſe I have juſt left!—You muſt remember a good natured, giddy, but very genteel looking youth, who was in town laſt winter, a relation of ours, ——— is his name.—He is the heir of a very long anceſtry, a very ſmall patrimony, with abundance of *original ſin* attached to it, and of two of the beſt old people in the world.—Though theſe good people cared for nothing earthly but each other, and their children, and lived in as primitive and frugal a manner as

Baucis

Baucis and Philemon, they long ſtruggled vainly with their incumbrances. At length they began to get above water, and actually built the ſhell of a houſe, to be finiſhed by young hopeful (for a highland manſion is generally the work of two generations). This conſummation ſo devoutly to be wiſhed, was to take place when the ſaid heir began to thrive in ſome lucrative profeſſion, or by ſome wealthy match, to which it was ſuppoſed his fine figure and family pretenſions might entitle him. He has, in the mean time, a younger but cleverer brother in the army.

But mark the ſequel. A very little, very pretty, and very thoughtleſs girl, the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, came home from the boarding-ſchool, as uſual very full of dreſs, vanity, and muſic: ſhe was ſcarce ſixteen, quite childiſh looking, and in frocks.—However, couſin and ſhe met, and in two or three days acquaintance, ſung, and played, and romped, and trifled them-

themſelves into matrimony.—No fortune to compenſate this raſh act,—what ſhould the good old people do?—Juſt brought them home with all the patience imaginable; and here they are, and often I am told they come;—'tis quite a ſecond home—their own is half a mile off. How I ſhall be teazed! yet conſcience ſays I ſhould like my kindred, and they are moſt obliging; but I feel ſomething revolting, when people love me dearly at firſt ſight.—I can't love others ſo—my mind ſhrinks from ſtrangers.—Then how ſhould they like me at once?—I am ſure our old friend muſt tire of the incurſions of theſe nothing doing people.—I am vexed to ſee that M. is fondly intimate with them.—Say they are quite harmleſs, as I dare ſay they may be, they favour her own bent too much.—Good night—I am very tired; but you know my day, from five in the morning till midnight, admits of doing much to make me ſo.

LETTER VI.

TO MISS R.

OBAN, MAY 3, 1773.

I WROTE letters of duty in the morning, walked out all the forenoon, except a ſhort time I ſpent with the ſweeteſt of children and her father; and now I ſhall account to you for the remaining hours.—After dinner we left our two old gentlemen together, and ſet out for S——: the walk S——ward is charming.—It is a ſweet place, ſheltered by a ſmall hill; a brook, fringed with willows and alder, runs by it; beautiful meadows lie below, and towering mountains riſe oppoſite. I never ſaw a place of a more paſtoral aſpect.—I love the good old people: there is ſomething ſo artleſs, primitive, and benevolent about

them.—I think I could gueſs them, by their looks, to be what every one deſcribes them. —Do you know the Highlanders reſemble the French, in being poor with a better grace than other people.—If they want certain luxuries or conveniences, they do not look embarraſſed, or diſconcerted, and make you feel awkward by paltry apologies, which you don't know how to anſwer:— they rather diſmiſs any ſentiment of that kind, by a kind of playful raillery for which they ſeem to have a talent. Our viſit, if not a pleaſant, was at leaſt a merry one.— The moment tea was done, dancing begun. Excellent dancers they are, and in muſic of various kinds they certainly excel.—The floor is not yet laid, but that was no impediment.—People hereabout, when they have good anceſtry, education, and manners, are ſo ſupported by the conſciouſneſs of thoſe advantages, and the credit allowed for them, that they ſeem not the leaſt diſconcerted at the deficiency of the goods of

fortune; and I give them great credit for their ſpirit and contentment, though it ſhould provoke the vulgar appellation of poor and proud, which vulgar minds are ſo ready to apply to them.—Is it not a bleſſed thing that there yet exiſts a place where poverty is reſpectable, and deprived of its ſting? O this incurable diſeaſe of wandering! I will return to my deſcription, which I broke off on the ebb ſhore.—Behind the houſe, then, is an excellent, though as yet, infant, garden, for this is quite a new eſtabliſhment; a range of offices ſtretch along the ſhore on each ſide; the king's wherry and other boats, and ſuch veſſels as may chance to arrive, lie a little weſtward, and animate the ſpot where the joint wiſdom of the Duke and the collector have projected a future village, the rudiments of which already begin to appear. From this choſen ſpot, where a large brook diſcharges itſelf into the ſea, a peaceful, long, green valley opens from the ſhore, of which the Duke has

has given an advantageous leaſe to the collector, who is a great favourite.—The cottages lie in cluſters on the ſides of the ſloping hills or in ſequeſtered nooks, below rocks interſperſed with patches of earth, tufted with yellow broom, or mountain aſh, which nod ſo wildly!—And the people have ſo much the air of loving and helping each other!—and their goats are ſuch familiar, fanciful looking creatures!—I am ſo fond of the kids that dance and friſk with ſo much humour and meaning, and cry ſo like children, I would fain have one of them follow me tame, and am ſadly diſtreſſed when I muſt needs eat them.—I think if ever I run wild on the rocks, which at times I feel much inclined to, I will not be a ſhepherdeſs, but a goatherdeſs; theſe creatures have more ſenſe and ſpirit than heavy-headed ſheep; they differ juſt as high landers do from plodding lowlanders. To return once more.—On the other ſide of the houſe, and within a ſmall diſtance of it,

riſes a hill quite detached from all others, and as like a ſugar-loaf, as if the reſemblance had been deſigned by art. It is ſmall, compared to the lofty heights that overlook it. The fine proſpect ſeen from the houſe, is commanded to great advantage from this little eminence. I climbed to the very ſummit, which we ſhould call high, but it is nothing here.—There I found a white ſcallop ſhell, a diminutive of thoſe uſed at Fingal's feaſts.—I was quite glad, thinking it a moſt orthodox ſhell, left by the deluge; but was ſo laughed at—and, very juſtly, when I think of it; for it would, in that caſe, have mouldered to lime a thouſand years ago.—Well, I hope this will be a leſſon againſt being poſitive and conceited.—Good night—I go to church to-morrow. Now I think of it, I will not go to ſleep without finiſhing what I have ſo often begun. Of the fine views from this ſpot, I cannot enumerate the iſlands I ſee, nor the groupes of fantaſtic dark blue

moun-

mountains, riſing in others, too diſtant for diſtinction. Juſt ſuch a proſpect, I dare ſay, Ulyſſes had from the heights of his dear rocky Ithaca; he looked on Zante and Cephalonia, as I do on Mull and Tiree; ſome of theſe iſles are inhabited by one gentleman, his family and a few tenants. What an undiſturbed little kingdom, and how happy one could make every ſubject of it! what an exile, what a priſon, would ſuch a ſea-girt domain prove to ſome crowd-dependent people we know!

M. is and will be down ſtairs, getting flattery and comical ſea ſtories, of which ſhe has a great many, that are too much in the ſtyle of theſe inferior regions. Good night, again.

LETTER VII.

TO MISS R.

OBAN, MAY 5, 1773.

KILMORE, where we heard ſermon, is four miles off, at leaſt, being three of highland computation. It is by no means a Jewiſh ſabbath that is kept here; it would be bold even to call it ſtrictly a Chriſtian one; be that as it may, it is a very cheerful one. We ſet out on horſeback in a ſhower of ſnow, which people here mind no more than hair-powder. It hinders nothing. We picked up the young couple at S. whoſe unmeaning mirth made me grave, and ſet me on pondering. Yet, when I obſerved the perpetual flow of ſpirits that buoys up the emptineſs of S., I revered the goodneſs of Providence in making

making people happy at ſo ſmall an expence of intellect. I am not ſure but their lot would be pre-eminent, were they all as innocent as my good-natured couſin. But their imbecillity makes them tools to the wicked and deſigning; ſo that I believe 'tis as well to have ſome reflection after all.—This was an odd old church, almoſt ruinous.—But when the preacher came in, he rouſed all my attention.—I never beheld a countenance ſo keenly expreſſive, nor ſuch dark piercing eyes: he is very like his ſiſter F. M., and reſembles her in a ſuperior muſical genius, being a diſtinguiſhed compoſer, as well as performer, on the violin.—When I begun to look about, the dreſſes and countenances of the people preſented new matter of ſpeculation.—This is certainly a fine country to grow old in; I could not ſpare a look to the young people, ſo much was I engroſſed in contemplating their grandmothers. They preſerve the form of dreſs worn ſome hundred years

ago.—Stately, erect, and self-satisfied, without a trace of the languor or coldness of age, they march up the area, with gaudy coloured plaids fastened about their breasts with a silver broach, like the full moon in size and shape.—They have a peculiar lively blue eye, and a fair fresh complexion. —Round their heads is tied the very plain kerchief Mrs. Page alludes to, when Falstaff tells her how well she would become a *Venetian tire*; and on each cheek depends a silver lock, which is always cherished and considered, not improperly, as a kind of decoration. These you must observe were the common people; the old *ladies* were habited in the costume of the year one. I was trying to account for the expression in the countenances of these cheerful ancients (many above fourscore) while the pastor with vehement animation was holding forth in the native tongue.—Now here is the result:—people who are for ever consecrating the memory of the departed,

departed, and hold the virtues, nay, the faults of their anceſtors, in ſuch blind veneration, ſee much to love and revere in their parents, that others never think of. They accumulate on theſe patriarchs all the virtues of their progenitors, and think the united ſplendor reflects a luſtre on themſelves.—The old people treated with unvaried tenderneſs and veneration, feel no diminution of their conſequence, no chill in their affections.—Strangers to neglect, they are alſo ſtrangers to ſuſpicion.—They readily give to old age that cordial, by which they hope to be ſupported when their own almond trees begin to bloſſom. But fine people do not ſeem ever to think they will be old.—Now in their way, I ſhould love my father not merely as ſuch, but becauſe he was the ſon of the wiſe and pious Donald, whoſe memory the whole pariſh of C. venerates, and the grandſon of the gallant Archibald, who was the talleſt man in the diſtrict, who could throw the *putting* ſtone

farther than any Campbell living, and never held a Chriſtmas without a deer of his own killing, four Fingalian greyhounds at his fire-ſide, and ſixteen kinſmen ſharing his feaſt. Shall I not be proud of a father, the ſon of ſuch fathers, of whoſe fame he is the living record? Now, what is my caſe is every other highlander's; for we all contrive to be wonderfully happy in our anceſtry; and by this means, the ſages here get a great deal of reverence and attention, not uſually paid to the ſtruldbruggs of other countries. Obſerve, moreover, that they ſerve for ſong books, and circulating libraries, ſo faithfully do they preſerve, and ſo accurately detail, "the tales of the times of old" and the ſongs of the bards, that now ſtrike the viewleſs harp on wandering clouds.—All this with their conſtant cheerfulneſs, make them the delight of the *very young*, in the happy period of wonder and ſimplicity; and finding themſelves ſo, prevents their being peeviſh, or querulous.

Oſſian

Oſſian was never more miſtaken than when he ſaid, " Age is dark and unlovely ;" here it appears " like the ſetting moon on the " weſtern wave" and we bleſs the brightneſs of its departure. I was waked out of the pleaſing reverie which the ſight of ſo many fine ancients inſpired, by the beadles coming to the ſeat to aſk if I had Gaelic, becauſe if I had not, there was to be an Engliſh diſcourſe.—Judge of my ſelf-importance, in having a ſermon preached for my very ſelf.—Poor ſouls! will you ever compare yourſelves to me again?—Meg M., when ſhe was compoſing her meditation upon " Worm Jacob, threſhing the Mountains," had not a higher idea of the conſequence of her ſingle, ſinful, ſoul. A new, and very amuſing ſcene opened, when ſervice was over: we were uſhered into a kind of public houſe, where it ſeems all the genteel part of the congregation (and very genteel ſome of them were) uſually meet, converſe, and take refreſh-

ment,

ment, while their horſes are preparing, &c. M. Glenſenchan and I met joyfully. I recognized her new bluſh-coloured luteſtring, whenever I went into church, but at ſuch exhibitions I no longer wonder. The *Kirk* here, is literally accounted a public place, and frequented from very different motives. —People, *not ſingularly pious*, croſs ferries, and ride great diſtances in bad weather, not ſolely, I fear, to hear the glad tidings in church, but to meet friends in this good humoured kindly way, after ſermon, who can tell them all about their eighteenth couſins in India and America. The converſation is in a ſtyle ſo different from what you are uſed to.——

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All this is very animated, and I contrive to be much intereſted.—There is little ſcandal, for ſcandal is the dregs and ſediment of converſation, after better things have been diſcuſſed; and we talk ſo much of

of the dead, that the living eſcape.—Your belles and beaux would not reliſh this, for there is no chance of being admired by the dead. I am reſolved for my part, to die in the Highlands, that I may avoid the ſudden oblivion which ſwallows up the departed among poliſhed people, who diſguiſe ſelfiſhneſs under the pretence of not being able to endure to have their fine feelings diſturbed with the mention of the dead.

Honeſt *Donald* feels no ſuch repugnance, but calls up the joy of grief in tender meditation; cheriſhes the memory of his fathers, "and walks in the light of their renown."

"Why ſhould I ſpeak of General Chumley,
And Mr. Muſter-maſter Gumley?"
Vide Bathos.

Why ſhould I introduce you to the cynoſure of the aſſembly, the old major, with his tartan coat, his large ſilver buttons, worn in Montroſe's wars, by his grandfather, and his redundant ſilver locks adorning

ing a countenance, the picture of health and benignity? nor will you care a farthing for his three thin upright ſiſters, though they are amidſt their oddity very like mountain gentlewomen; nor for his nine couſins, taſteleſs thing that you are.—Among this ſingular groupe, were ſome very well bred faſhionable looking people, who had been abroad in the world, without being ſpoiled by it, and treated their antiquated ruſtic relations with a reſpect and kindneſs, which was both amiable and exemplary. If I were to ſtay and frequent this church a twelvemonth, hearing and retaining as I generally do, I doubt not that I might be qualified to compile the heraldry of Leon, ſo ſkilled ſhould I become in its antiquities.

The ſun ſhone on our ſocial repaſt, but when we ſet out, Eolus did not perform the taſk Thomſon aſſigns him in the opening of ſpring, inſtead of "calling off his ruffian blaſts," he let them looſe in great fury, and

and the demolition of my new hat, awakened my remorſe for making ſo merry with poor Smelfungus's misfortune of the ſame kind. Blinded with ſnow and in inſtant danger of "mounting the whirlwind's wing," we were accoſted by a moſt reſpectable looking gentleman, who brought us into his houſe, which ſeemed the choſen reſidence of comfort;—ſo they told me, for I could look at nothing but the miſtreſs of the manſion, ſhe had been ſo very handſome, and was ſtill ſo very engaging: her countenance had ſo much ſoul in it, her perſon and demeanour were ſo graceful, and her manner ſo graciouſly kind.—The collector ſays, ſhe is all her appearance promiſes; I felt ſorry when I thought I might never ſee her again; after all,

"What's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?"

My friends laughed and talked louder than the ſtorm; all the way home, I was loſt in lofty meditation, and to own the truth, writing this letter in idea; and then

I was

I was ſo glad to find myſelf at this fireſide, with the ſweet little girl in my arms.

I am going to bid good night to the moon; the ſtorm is over, the undulating waters are like living light, while the ſame beams repoſe ſo ſweetly on the ſhadowy ſides of far-ſeen mountains, that ariſe in diſtant iſles.

> "—— in ſuch a night,
> Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
> Upon the wild ſea bank, and wav'd her love
> To come again to Carthage."

Ungrateful cur that he was.—Adieu! may you never wave a willow, or ſpend a good day as idly as I have done this. It is paſt midnight, and remorſe is preying on me.—Adieu! again, my deareſt.

LETTER VIII.

TO MISS R.

OBAN, MAY.

NOW, my dear H., I have commenced a bad cuſtom both to you and myſelf!—I write ſo minutely, that when I ſettle and have ſomething elſe to do, I muſt needs be conciſe, and then you will think me careleſs; but you muſt not, for my manner of writing to you is ſo like our old wandering chit chat, that I fly to it as L. does to her ſnuff-box, and this ſo often, that I neglect thoſe I ought to like and attend to, and would attend to, if I did not feel as if I had you always in a corner to run to.—I will not write theſe two days unleſs a little matter of fact before breakfaſt, and a goſſipping whiſper at bed-time. My taſte for

ſolitary

ſolitary amuſement, and indifference to the volatile chit chat of ſome people, begins to excite much obſervation. Shake off the imputation as we pleaſe, every one has their own mode of ſelfiſhneſs, and I feel mine to be that of running away to my ſolitary pleaſures.—I repent, will mortify myſelf, and

"Do penance in gay young company."

Midnight.

I am reformed, and amended, but cannot fatigue myſelf or you with the deſcription of this day; you will find it in Thomſon:

"Deceitful, vain, and void, paſſes the day."

Why ſhould I ſpeak with peeviſhneſs, of good humoured harmleſs people, who ſhow a wiſh to pleaſe me? Why am I not pleaſed with trifles, when the beſt of us are doomed to paſs great part of our lives in a manner which our own reflections muſt call trifling? but then I ſhould like to trifle my own way. I could play half a day with ſweet little Anne,

Anne, or even with a ſportive kitten or puppy.—I could gather ſhells and ſea-weed on the ſhore, or venture my neck for neſts, that I would not plunder after finding them; nay I could talk nonſenſe as we uſed to do, and laugh heartily at vagaries of our own contriving; but their nonſenſe I can't for my life reliſh: they think it wit, and I can't accredit it as ſuch.—Then they think cunning wiſdom, and miſtake ſimplicity for folly.——Very rural all this!——Here is goſſipping for you with a witneſs.—Do not think that I indulge myſelf in the conceit of not caring for any body, unleſs they have the taſte for reading, which great leiſure and ſolitude, in a manner forced upon me; but I would have people love truth and nature,—I would have them look a little into the great book which their Maker has left open to every body.—I would have the riſing and ſetting ſun, the bloſſoming trees and opening flowers, give them the ſame pleaſure, which many taſte, without knowing

knowing their alphabet. O! when, or where ſhall I ſee another H. uncultured and untaught, yet awake to all that is grand or beautiful in nature, all that is excellent or deſirable in knowledge—whoſe intuitive ſenſe of what is delicate and proper, is worth volumes of inſtruction!—The more I know of others the more I regret you; and the beſt uſe I ever could make of the knowledge which I have accidentally acquired, would be to impreſs it on the fair tablet of your ſpotleſs mind.—Good night, my dear; I am neither very well nor very eaſy.—I have got cold in theſe meadowy traverſes.—My father and mother go away to-morrow. Were it not for the dear old man, and his little girl, and his library, I would go too.—Write to me here, and never mind incorrectneſs; you will daily improve, or though you ſhould not

"Thou haſt no faults, or I no faults can ſpy,
Thou art all beauty, or all blindneſs I."

LETTER IX.

TO MISS R.

FORT WILLIAM, MAY 12, 1773.

BE aſtoniſhed, Oh! H. for here I am.—Aſk why I am here, and I can only tell you it was owing to the ſtrangeſt caprice.—Yet, ſo it is, and you know I do not uſe to be fickle.—The day after I wrote you, it was ſettled my father and mother were to proceed in the king's wherry, "Mark that, Mary Jones."—Two o'clock was the hour fixed. M. propoſed a forenoon walk, I went reluctantly on condition of not paſſing the boundary rivulet on the way to S. There ſhe lingered with teazing perſeverance—hoping no doubt that ſome of our friends would appear.—At length I would go, fearing my parents might go without

without ſeeing me.—The firſt object that met my eyes, croſſing the hill, was his majeſty's wherry, going full ſail up the bay. I grew cold as lead; I felt the oddeſt ſenſation; ſurpriſe and remorſe for being away, and a ſtrange forlorn feeling I cannot expreſs, ſtupified me for a few moments, and then my eyes filled and I was relieved. Yet I felt as if I were alone in the world, and cared for nothing.—After dinner there came a ſudden violent blaſt, with drift and ſqualls.—The collector retired to write, and I to the library.

Juſt as we all met at tea, lamenting the ſad evening, there came an outcry from below, that the wherry was ſeen returning. I was ſo agitated—in ſhort the ſtorm had driven them back, and I was ſeized with the ſtrongeſt deſire to go with them; I knew I ſhould miſs many pleaſures I had promiſed myſelf, that for inſtance of ſeeing Kitty Mac C. whom I like better than any one ever I knew from this quarter.—'Twas

odds

odds if I ſhould get away till the end of ſummer; I had loſt all influence over M.'s mind, and I ſaw clearly ſhe was in hands I could not take her out of.—So far from profiting by advice, I knew ſhe would hate me for adviſing her: ſhe might ſink into vulgarity or folly, but why ſhould I grieve myſelf with ſeeing what I could not mend? I knew the collector would be ſorry to part with me.—I hope it was not cunning, but delicacy, that made me beg my mother to ſay that ſhe had changed her mind, and would not leave me.—How my heart pined for the ſweet little girl! I ſhould have delighted to take her with me, and make a little ſiſter of her.

We came off at five next morning, for then the tide made.—Poor M. was not ſo indifferent as I thought.—After we had parted, while the boat was putting off, ſhe ſprung, as from a ſudden impulſe, on a great ſtone, and from thence to the boat again; ſhe ſilently embraced me, with a tear on

her cheek. If we never meet again I ſhall remember this as ominous, for M. is unuſed to the melting mood.—I thought ſhe never looked ſo pretty: what a fine face hers would be with ſuitable expreſſion!

The morning was clear though cold; I enjoyed very much the views on each ſide, betwixt Mull and the coaſt, and ſaw the old caſtles of Dunolly and Dunſtaffnage on rocks projecting into the ſea, and many other places of old renown.—Do you know the collector, who knows but every thing, ſays Robert Bruce held a parliament in Dunſtaffnage where all the barons ſpoke Gaelic.—We came paſt the pleaſant and fertile iſland of Leſmere, a name ſignifying a large garden, and on the other ſide ſaw the coaſt of Appin, rich in early verdure and ſheltered with groves of oak. The ſcenery is various and beautiful. This eſtate is at preſent poſſeſſed by a gentleman of taſte and liberality, who has improved it exceedingly, and though not a native, ſeems very

very much attached to the place. He has built a ſtately manſion on it, and being an enthuſiaſt, in regard to antiquities, and a lover of nature, is regarded by the people with as fond an attachment as any of their native chiefs.—He is indeed, they ſay, very good and kind to them. I never ſaw a place that had more attractions for me; 'tis wild without being ſavage; woody, but not gloomy; and fertile, but not flat. I wiſh I were to go no further; I ſhould like to tend a flock of goats among thoſe picturesque crags that form the back ground of that fine picture.—A contrary wind gave me leiſure to ſurvey theſe beauties, but cold rain and driving blaſts coming on, his majeſty's own wherry was in danger of being overſet, like a common boat; and his majeſty's own officer began to be afraid, like any other man. I feared nothing but cold and wet, yet was very glad when I heard a propoſal of hauling in to ſhore, which

we did oppoſite to Appin, at the foot of a ſteep green hill, on the ſide of which was a dwelling newly erected, not ſumptuous, but, by its neat outſide and ſaſhed window, diſtinguiſhed from thoſe of the common people.—We climbed the hill, and were received with a kind of ſtately civility, by a tall, thin, erect perſon, a widow,—pale, wan, and woe-begone. She never aſked who we were, till a good fire and moſt comfortable tea-drinking, with many other good things, put us in humour to make replies.—She aſked my mother if we were connected with the country.—Now we had juſt left my father's country, and entered my mother's. She told the good lady her whole genealogy, by no means omitting the In——le family, on which the old lady roſe with great ſolemnity, crying "all the water in the ſea cannot waſh your blood from mine;" this tender embrace was ſucceeded by a long diſſertation on the In—le family,

family, &c.—There is an adventure for you, which will form a ſuitable concluſion to this important epiſtle. Adieu! for the preſent.

LETTER X.

TO MISS R.

FORT WILLIAM, MAY 14, 1773.

THE hoſpitable matron who received us ſo kindly, is, alas! a childleſs widow, yet not poor, as poverty is underſtood here; and I really think the ſtandard is better fixed than with you.—Is it not due to providence, to ſay one is eaſy, having every neceſſary and ſome comforts?—I ſhould like elegance dearly, if ſhe were not ſo nearly allied to luxury, and luxury, too, I could tolerate if ſhe were not ſo abominably ſelfiſh. —I can never believe that a being whoſe

wants are endleſs and numberleſs, can ſpare even a thought to the wants of others. Very luxurious people do ſome charitable things, but they are induced to do them by vanity, example, or ſolicitation. You always hear of heroiſm and great exertions of all kinds in poor countries.—Patience and fortitude, the virtues our helpleſs ſtate moſt needs, are the growth of barren ſoils. I always delighted in Gray's ode to adverſity; read it once again, and compare its ennobling tenor with my ideas. It is happy I think ſo: if wealth was every thing to me, as it is to many you know, it would make me miſerable to ſee ſo many deſerving creatures what you would call very poor; but they do not think themſelves ſo, and therefore they are not ſo.——I know nothing ſo ſilly as the diſguſt and wonder your cockney Miſſes ſhew at any cuſtom or dreſs they are not uſed to,—I now think plaids and faltans (fillets) juſt as becoming as I once did the furs and wampum of the Mohawks,

Mohawks, whom I always remember with kindneſs.

As this long digreſſion cannot much pleaſe, I hope it will greatly improve you. —We landed on the weſt ſide, and to ſave ſailing round a long point, reſolved to walk to B—l—h by the light of the moon:— it was a bleak evening, and the wind whiſtled dolefully while we were paſſing, in utter darkneſs, through a ſmall wood; the moon broke through a cloud, and the owl began to hoot moſt opportunely.—I ſtarted and was ſhewn the cairn (or *rude monument* of looſe ſtones) where Campbell of Glenure had been murdered, and where every paſſenger throws a ſtone. I can't convey to you the impreſſion this aſſemblage of gloomy images made at once on my mind, aided by the recollection that a worthy and innocent gentleman, related to my mother, ſuffered death in conſequence.—Though it appeared afterwards, the murder was committed by a ſoldier in the French ſer-

vice, who lurked in the country ſince the year 1745, for that purpoſe. The eulogium and hiſtory of this victim of prejudice, kept our attention engaged till we reached B—l—h. The lady was not at home; I was ſorry for it.—She is a perſon of more than common underſtanding and virtue, whom I greatly eſteem.—She has built a fruit wall, a thing before unheard of here, and does much good among the common people, with the productions of her garden, where ſhe has medical herbs, which ſhe ſhews much ſkill and humanity in applying to their proper uſes.—I have changed my mind about herding goats, and now the reſult of my moonlight meditation in the wood, and my reflections on this good lady's well earned praiſe, have determined me to ſeek forthwith,

" A hairy gown and narrow cell,
Where I may ſit and nightly ſpell,
Of every ſtar that heaven doth ſhew,
And every herb that ſips the dew."

What

What fine tranſitions one might make, from the bright eye of the celeſtial bull, to the ſoft eye of the terreſtrial daiſy, by thus ſtudying ſtars and herbs together.—A pair of hermits, were that poſſible, would be a double felicity; but, perhaps, I may ſee ſomething to-morrow, at my grandfather's, which may ſuggeſt a new mode of life to me.—But, whether nun, goat-herd, herbaliſt, or ſtar-gazer, depend on my being unalterably yours.

LETTER XI.

TO MISS R.

FORT WILLIAM, MAY 15, 1773.

* * * * * * * *

NOW I have made you ſee, as well as I could, all that I ſaw in the ſimple happy dwelling of theſe good anceſtors of mine; where I could have ſtaid longer if per-

mitted. My next ſhall give you ſome account of *The Garriſon*, as all the country people call this place, which they think a very fine one,—and which I have no patience with. Adieu! fellow-traveller, for ſuch you may be accounted, if you are as willing to be informed, as I am to inform you.

LETTER XII.

TO MISS R.

FORT WILLIAM, MAY 17, 1773.

I DARE ſay I am the more prejudiced againſt this place becauſe I was brought here ſo ſoon againſt my inclination. The young ladies of Glencoe, with whom I have a remote connection, and who were at the dancing-ſchool with me the firſt winter I was in Scotland, (and great companions for the time we were,) ſent urgent invitations, and were within two hours ride. I ſhould have

have liked very much to ſee them; the youngeſt is a fine creature,—all heart and ſoul, without a thought to hide. Glencoe ſhe has often deſcribed to me as very ſingular in its appearance and ſituation;—a glen ſo narrow, ſo warm, ſo fertile, ſo overhung by mountains, which ſeem to meet above you,—with ſides ſo ſhrubby and woody!—the haunt of roes, and numberleſs ſmall birds. They told me it was unequalled for the chorus of "wood notes wild," that reſounded from every ſide.—The ſea is ſo near that its roar is heard, and its productions abound. It was always accounted (for its narrow bounds) a place of great plenty, and ſecurity. In this romantic retreat, where a blue ſtream bends its courſe, with a half circular ſweep, through the moſt peaceful and ſecluded of narrow vales, the matchleſs melody of the ſweet voice of Cona, firſt awaked the joy of grief. On that account you may well believe the glen is peopled with images, that are "pleaſant

yet mournful to the ſoul."—Why did I not go there to meet the fair ſpirit of Malvina in the haunt of roes? Happy daughter of Toſcar! to have thy ſpotleſs faith, thy virtuous ſorrows, and thy ſoul-inſpired beauties, immortalized in the ſublime and tender ſtrains of thy heroic friend! Thrice happy to have the heavenly employment of pouring the balm of ſympathy into wounds of the heart, that could not be cloſed;—of ſupporting the feeble ſteps of age and blindneſs;—of ſoothing, with the melting muſic of thy voice, and the ſoft ſound of thy plaintive harp, the ſorrows of the venerable bard, and of hearing him awake thoſe divine ſtrains, that conſecrate to future ages, the fame of thy generous hero, and all thy mild graces and gentle virtues!

Daughter of Toſcar! dear and frequent to my nightly viſions, come, like a moonbeam, to the chamber of my repoſe!—I wiſh, with all my heart, that I could deſign and paint like Angelica. Then would I

give

give " a combination and a form indeed" to the beautiful image that exiſts in my mind, of the fair mourner of Latha. The ſweet ſadneſs of her eyes you ſhould only imagine; I would not have them profaned by vulgar gaze; ſhe ſhould ſit on the ground beſide the prince of bards, her white arm thrown careleſsly over her ſilent harp; ſhe ſhould look penſively down, as fixed in tender recollection. Her thick locks, blown aſide from her fair forehead, as by the autumnal gale, ſhould by chance, as it were, diſplay the penſive grace, marking thoſe fine formed brows from which ſhe took her name;—her beauty ſhould appear faſt fading like the many-coloured foliage on the back ground, and mild compoſure ſhould denote a ſoul that feels a ſad enjoyment in its ſufferings, and would not purchaſe eaſe at the price of oblivion.—— Humbler purſuits and duties are wiſely aſſigned to me. In conformity to that deſignation, which was certainly meant for

my

my happineſs, I ſhall come down to the ſafer walks of common life, and tell you the ſad ſtory that has made this glen frequent in the ſongs of modern bards, and even found its way to the page of hiſtory, to blot it with crimes unequalled in our age and country.

But, firſt, that you may eſtimate duly the renown of this little glen, I muſt tell you what a tuneful and warlike tribe inhabited it. The tribe of Macdonalds, called Mac Jans, or ſons of John, who dwelt in this ſequeſtered ſpot, were all, as the country people ſay, born poets; and this belief was ſo well eſtabliſhed, that, if a Mac Jan could not rhyme, his legitimacy was called in queſtion:—whatever his other merits might be, he was no genuine Mac Jan. This is not only very ſtrange, but very true; but I think we may credit it, on the principle of the old bye-word, "Bode a gown of gowd and ye'll aye get the ſleeve of it." The firſt poſſeſſors of this peaceful retreat, were led

to

to take a powerful intereſt in the ſongs of Selma, by the proud conſciouſneſs of dwelling in the ſpot made ſacred by the birth of the tuneful hero. The profound ſecluſion in which they lived, encouraged meditation; the noble objects which ſurrounded them, and ſhut out the world, ſublimed it. The plenty their retreat afforded to their hunting and fiſhing purſuits afforded leiſure for the muſe.—Poetry was univerſally familiar, where every eminent character rejoiced and mourned in meaſured ſtrains. All the moſt obvious images, phraſes, and rhymes grew ſo common, that nothing could be eaſier than ſtringing rhymes together like thoſe you have ſeen me get from —— and ——, who, I doubt not, thought it incumbent on them to be poetical, as well as the Mac Jans.—Roſalind ſays, in As you like it, "I could rhyme you ſo for a year together;—dinners, and ſuppers, and ſleeping-times excepted." Whether it was by thoſe mechanic means, or by ſuperior

perior powers of imagination, it appears this tuneful tribe claimed all the reſpect due to ſuperior talents; to which was added, that paid to diſtinguiſhed courage. When they were induced by the fatal feuds, ſo common in old times, to attack any other tribe, it was not eaſy to purſue them into their retreats; and then they ſallied forth again with the hardineſs produced by impunity. —Thus they became fearleſs themſelves, and feared by others.—To be conciſe, they were always with the Stuarts, their neighbour clan, and againſt their opponents, which, in the end, provoked no common vengeance.—In the year 1694, or later, it was required, that all heads of tribes, in that diſtrict, ſhould take the oaths to Government at Inverary. Now this was a hard pill: for the highlanders could never forgive King William for dethroning his uncle. 'Twas quite out of their ſtyle of doing injuries; and the reaſons for ſo doing were beyond their comprehenſion.—Probably

bably Mac Jan was not in the leaſt ſorry that a new ſtorm made the mountains impaſſable about the laſt days of grace; ſo he made a declaration before ſome magiſtrate at Fort William, that he would have gone to take the oaths, if he could. This informality was ſeized on as a pretext, by ſome enemy whom he had in the army, whoſe anceſtors had probably ſuffered from the fury of a Glencoe irruption.—A company marched out, from the Fort, under pretence of quartering in the glen, till the oaths were taken. They were received with the moſt hoſpitable kindneſs; the officers were lodged in Glenco's houſe; the ſoldiers with his tenants.—This happened in the joyous days of Chriſtmas, when it is, if ever, that theſe people have plenty and good cheer.—Glenco was not well, but ſat up and played at cards the laſt night, out of courteſy to the officers. At midnight the ſoldiers got the word of command;—every man went in and ſhot his hoſt, and

then

then bayonetted the boys and old people.—It was a clear frosty night.—The discharges of shot through the echoing glen alarmed those those who had given up their beds to those guests, and slept in bye places.—Of those I cannot exactly recollect how many escaped to the mountain, to suffer every extremity of cold, hunger, grief, and fear.—I have not nerves for the whole detail; suffice it, that Glenco's last breath was spent in a devout aspiration; that his superannuated father was murdered in his bed, by an ensign, whose name should never be pronounced, or written; and that his eldest son, in his eighth year, was stabbed by the same ruffian, when on his knees, imploring mercy.

The present Laird, grandfather to my young friends, was an infant two years old, and was carried off to the hills, by his nurse, unobserved. The only other male in the chief's house who escaped was the bard; I am sure he did not, like Phemius, cry out,

" O spare

" O ſpare the poet's ever gentle mind;" nor, by any means, owe his ſafety to his tuneful powers; but, as every ſhift had been made to accommodate the ſtrangers, he ſlept in ſome odd corner. Next day there was neither ſmoke ſeen, nor voice heard in this cloſe-peopled glen, which before contained about three hundred inhabitants. The bard ſat alone upon a rock, and, looking down, compoſed a long diſmal ſong, which I would give all my ear-rings to underſtand.—They ſay it has not much poetical merit. No wonder—" ſmall heart had he to ſing."—Now you are waiting to hear, with a ſavage delight, of the puniſhments inflicted on thoſe midnight aſſaſſins, and the exemplary vengeance that purſued their cruel chief.—No ſuch matter;—the cry of blood reſounded over all Europe, and the hero of Naſſau heard it, as if he heard it not. This was a great blot in his character; but, no doubt, he had been made to believe, that Glenco was

ſome

ſome ſanguinary monſter, who lived by rapine.—Princes adjuſt their accounts of this kind very eaſily; it is but calling people ſavages, and then their blood is of no value, and their lives of no conſequence.

Why ſhould a muſical, poetical, and patriarchal highland chief fare better than the Incas of Peru, "where dwelt the gentleſt children of the Sun."

William was a hero after all. But authority, pure at the ſource, is often poiſoned in the channels.—Yet, though he could not remedy the evil, he ought to have revenged it. Now you would know how the chief agent in this villainy ended.—He died at a ripe age, abundantly proſperous.—But who ſaw his nightly viſions, or felt his ſecret pangs? The Judge of all the earth never fails to do right, though we cannot always ſee how.

Satiate with blood, I bid you good night. It is very poſſible, I am going to occupy the ſame room the *Enſign* ſlept in, when

when he returned from the depopulated glen; he will, may be, come and ſmile on me, like the blood-ſmeared Banquo.—

"From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, good angels."

I am awake, and have not ſeen the enſign. Let his memory periſh, as well as that of all the wretches who perverted mercy, and abuſed authority in this place. Of the many ſhocking details I have been pained with, I ſhall only recite one.—There was an Engliſh major, who, in the abſence of the governor, commanded the garriſon in the diſmal year 1746. There was, at that time, after much previous *ſeverity*, a free pardon offered to all the lower claſs, who would deliver up their arms; thoſe found with weapons in their poſſeſſion had no mercy to expect.

After ſupper, when the commandant and his officers were enjoying their bowl in this houſe, the ſerjeant of the guard came in,

in, and ſaid, there were three men brought in with their arms,—What ſhould be done with them? "What but hang them!" ſaid the major, impatient of diſturbance. Now this was owing to the ſerjeant's inaccuracy of expreſſion. The poor men, in fact, were coming in with their arms, to deliver them up, and, meeting one of the out-parties by the way, accompanied them to the garriſon.—"When the giant awoke from his wine," it was the firſt thing he did to look out at the window; and the firſt object he ſaw, was the bodies of theſe unhappy men, hung over a mill oppoſite. —He was filled with horror, not recollecting his laſt night's order.—When it was explained to him that the poor creatures came to receive the proffered mercy, the intelligence threw him into a deep and laſting melancholy.—My father, though of all whigs the blueſt, ſpeaks with horror of this tranſaction, and ſays he ſaw a very pretty young widow, come to that mill

the

the following winter, whoſe father, brother, and huſband had been the ſufferers.—O! when ſhall I have ſpirits to reliſh the kindneſs I receive from very worthy people here, and give you ſome idea of Inverlochy?—diſmal, diſmal, it appeared to me; drenched with cold rains, and covered with clouds of unuſual darkneſs.—The ſhore ſo flat and unmeaning!—a long low moor ſpreading behind; very little verdure in ſight; no peaceful vales or ſweet ſtreams;—the very river Nevis to me looks gloomy and ſtupid; 'tis a little Acheron.—Ben Nevis is a great clumſy mountain, without any fanciful breaks, or fine marked outline, like thoſe of Morven. It is great, without ſublimity, and ſeems to nod above this ugly town, and ſhake a perpetual drizzle from its miſty locks. As far as a mountain can reſemble a man, it reſembles the perſon Smollet has marked out by the name of Captain Gawky. I wonder much how

any one lives here, who could live any where elſe.

Yet, I am told, Glenevis has rural beauties, and is very ſweet and placid, when once you get into it, which I have no deſire to do. The village, which ſtretches from the Fort, along the banks of the Lochy, is a very tolerable one, could I but think ſo; but this Fort, "with many a foul and mid-day murder fed," looks juſt like a place to kill people in, 'tis ſo gloomy and uncouth;—it is triangular; the ſoldiers' barracks are of wood, grown black with the conſtant rains.—We are in the beſt of the officers' apartments, occupied by a very worthy family, the maſter of which holds the ſame half-military employment here, which my father is to exerciſe at Fort Auguſtus. I was not in the humour for liking theſe people if I could help it, but I find I muſt.—They grow upon me every moment. Mr. G——y is a native of the bor-

der;

der; quite an original:—harſh-looking at firſt, yet, when the ſmile of benevolence lights up his countenance, and his humour, anecdote, and obſervation begin to unfold, you would not think him the ſame perſon. —Mrs. G—— is juſt recovering from illneſs; mild and beautiful I am ſure ſhe has been; and they have a little boy, more lovely than the Cupids in the college; if he could but ſpeak, he would almoſt rival Anne the well-beloved.—I ſay ſo much of people ſo new to me, becauſe they are the only objects here I can regard with any complacency. If Fort A. be ſuch a place, I will certainly become a votary of the

> "Penſive nun, devout and pure,
> Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,"

whom we uſed to admire ſo much. Expect to ſee me when we meet,

> "With ſable ſtole of cypreſs lawn,
> O'er my decent ſhoulders drawn."

—I have no ſpite againſt this place, but I

am provoked at its ſuperabundant negatives.—It is a ſea-port, without being animated; it is a village, without the air of peace and ſimplicity; it is military, without being either gay, or bold looking; it is country, without being rural; it is highland, without being picturesque or romantic; it has plains without verdure, hills without woods, mountains without majeſty, and a ſky without a ſun; at leaſt his beams appear ſo ſeldom, that I wonder the Lochabrians are not dazzled into idolatry when he walks in his brightneſs.—O, this is a bad country for a butterfly, a bee, or an enthuſiaſt, to expatiate in; but it is the beſt place in the world to remember an abſent friend in!—Thought ſtrays a wretched rover o'er the pleaſing paſt; I feel the ſpark of fancy kindling at the torch of memory; but, as Gray ſays of Jove's eagles, "the thunder of whoſe beak, and lightning of whoſe eye were to be quenched," &c. &c. I too will quench my mental light in

"dark

" dark clouds of ſlumber." Meet me in my dreams, daughter of winding Clutha! Adieu!

LETTER XIII.

TO COLLECTOR M.

FORT WILLIAM, MAY 18, 1773.

MY DEAR SIR,

I MUST certainly write, becauſe you bid me, becauſe I promiſed it, and becauſe your praiſe encourages, and your kindneſs gratifies me. But, indeed, it will be only to make you a ſharer in my diſappointment.—I do not like this place, and I am very ſorry for it, becauſe you like it ſo well. But I am ſure it muſt be mere habit, and the recollection of time agreeably paſſed in it.—No ſtranger can poſſibly reliſh it.

I like the people I am among very well indeed; but theſe, you know, are like

yourſelf, ſo I need not tell you why.—I have ſeen your ſucceſſor, whom we all think worthy of occupying your place;—this from us is no ſmall compliment.

Two ſhops profane your once-hoſpitable manſion: I bought thread in one, and raiſins for the children in the other, that I might peep into your premiſes.—But all this made me ſorrier than I was before.—I ſeized on the only ſhining noon we have had to walk into your garden; it is now degraded into a kail-yard, yet your laurels remain.—It is with much malicious pleaſure I tell you, the caitiff D——, whom we have all ſo much reaſon to deteſt, came down here on foot lately, all the way from Berwick, poor, wretched, and truly contemptible. The fruits of all his buſy arts, his blaſting whiſpers, and death-breathing malignity, are ſcattered like chaff before the wind; and he was glad to go from houſe to houſe, to ſhare the hoſpitality of thoſe who deſpiſed him. Callous to every

virtuous

virtuous and honourable ſentiment, he has ſtill a lingering liking to the ſeat of his power, his profits, and his pleaſures. Had I ſeen him, I ſhould have been ſtrongly tempted to cry aloud, like the Mahometans, "God is juſt!" I have not yet opened the repoſitory of the books you were kind enough to furniſh to me:—they will afford materials for our future correſpondence.—I ſhall tell you frankly what I think of all I read, and you will tell me where I am right.—The reſult will be, that I ſhall amuſe you a little, and you will inſtruct me a great deal.

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Dear Sir, believe that I ſhall always be, while I have memory and gratitude,

Your obliged, obedient, &c. &c.

LETTER XIV.

TO MISS R.

FORT WILLIAM, MAY 20, 1773.

MY DEAR H.,

I DARE ſay you are ready to cry out, "Lochaber no more!" and I am ſure I am ready to echo the ſame note. Yet who ever left a happy family without regret? and I am about to leave a very happy one. Our hoſt improves upon us every hour.—He has good ſenſe, and a good heart; and is a perfect cabinet of that ſort of old-faſhioned knowledge I like.—He is from near the Law of Berwick, and knows all the traditionary hiſtory of the Border,—of the Humes and the Elliots. He is, in fact, a true blood old Scotſman; ſhrewd, cautious,

cautious, and ſarcaſtic, yet kind and affectionate where he loves.

Do you know if ever I break a reſolution you *wot of*, it ſhall be in favour of an ugly man.—Ugly is a harſh word, I only mean plain looking, rather harſh, like Mr. G——y:—he ſhould be much older than myſelf too. Theſe are the people likely to be moſt grateful for attention, from a perſon whoſe youth, &c. &c. might make it preſumed, that ſhe had made ſome ſacrifices.—I do not ſuppoſe myſelf capable of having any thing to do with folly or knavery; but, put theſe out of the queſtion, and if I had a choice of fifty, it would not be the wiſeſt, the wittieſt, the wealthieſt, nor, by any means, the handſomeſt, that I ſhould chooſe. No; it would be the perſon capable of moſt affection, if one had ſcales that would weigh ſuch a thing.—But, wanting theſe, he who, having the leaſt opinion of his dear ſelf, is likelieſt to value another;—he, who, having outlived early

vanity and romance, can beſt value "the ſober certainty of waking bliſs," ſuch as this good couple moſt deſervedly enjoy.—She is amiable, gentle, and well-bred; a perſon of family too.—He looks with ſuch calm complacency at her, and is ſo charmed with every thing ſhe ſays!—The reſpect ſhe ſhews him, is ſo ſoftened by affection!—She has a ſiſter here, not the leaſt like her, but an excellent creature; good-hearted, frank-ſpirited, and active.—They all form ſuch an harmonious groupe, and the little boy is ſo lovely!—There is one in the cradle too; but I only mind thoſe that can "ſoftly ſpeak, and ſweetly ſmile;" for the boy of boys has ſome pretty half-formed words.—My father went on a week ago to regulate matters for our removal; but his predeceſſor's family are ill of fevers. We have been urged to ſtay here till matters are in a train, but have reſolved to proceed. I am ſure I ſhall feel much concern when I go away. There is a Major C—ne here,

here, a man of taſte and ingenuity, who pleaſes me much by the delight he takes in talking of his wife, who is certainly very pretty.—He has her picture drawn by himſelf, with a moſt angelic expreſſion.—Happy artiſt! who can thus give a viſible and lovely form to the predominant image in his mind.—If I could but ſing and draw true likeneſſes of my friends, I think I ſhould not be an unhappy exile, after all.—I will not write another word from here. I am buſy with a piece of work, which I mean as a memorial for ſweet Mrs. G. and won't beſtow a minute on you, till I ſee myſelf in Loch Neſs. Good night, my deareſt! Write, or not write, my ſpirit is with you; and I feel a pleaſure in thinking I can contribute to your amuſement.

Once more, adieu! *when I meet with another* that poſſeſſes your native delicacy, your diſintereſtedneſs, your purity of heart, I will forget you — forget all our paſt happineſs, and thoſe that ſhared it. Peace be with you, my own H——!

LETTER XV.

TO MISS R.

FORT AUGUSTUS, MAY 24, 1773.

MY DEAREST H.,

I AM very much diſordered by my journey; but, while I am able, I ſhall endeavour to deſcribe it, for B. as well as for you, and it is needleſs to tell you both the ſame thing.

On Monday we ſet out on horſeback, good Mr. G. conducting us to Highbridge; and a moſt inſtructive and entertaining companion he was.—Why did I leave Lochaber without introducing you to the caſtle of Inverlochy? You never ſaw ſuch a caſtle in your life. I muſed the whole night after I ſaw it, on the ſtrange manner in which the inhabitants muſt have lived.

lived. It it large and ſquare, and has the remains of four round towers. It is built of round ſtones, that never were touched by the hammer. You may gueſs its venerable antiquity from the circumſtance of Achaius, " our gude Scots king," having ſigned a league with the ſpectator's Charlemagne here, in the year 1200, if I remember.

Only think how kings could chooſe ſuch a reſidence;—but they were great hunters, and the dark moors in view, were all a foreſt then. The ſea running up ſo far into the boſom of the mountains, was alſo a favourable circumſtance: beſides it ſtands in the mouth of the ſingular and important Glenmore, which I ſhall hereafter deſcribe to you. It is ſomewhat ſingular that ſixteen thanes or chiefs, of the name of Cumming, witneſſed this league.

The progreſs and declenſion of power is worth tracing; it makes no unimportant part of the hiſtory of human na-

ture.—In theſe days the Cummins were unrivalled in the north, and potent everywhere.—The wiſdom and valour of ſome diſtinguiſhed individuals, no doubt, procured this influence at firſt. When they acquired it, they abuſed power, by their joint influence, bore down every other name, till, in the end, they became the objects of univerſal fear and jealouſy.

There were doubtleſs among ſo great a number, unworthy individuals, whom the ſpirit of clanſhip led the more deſerving to protect and ſupport, in ſome inſtances of violence or fraud.—This created a kind of combination againſt them; and the treachery of the *Red Cumming*, which provoked Robert the Bruce to ſtab him in the cloiſter of the Gray-friars at Dumfries, was a mortal ſtroke to their declining power.

What an aſtoniſhing inſtance it was of our great Robert's royalty of mind, that, when hunted from place to place, purſuing a precarious title to a deſpoiled crown, he

could, in the glow of virtuous indignation, perform ſuch a deed in ſuch a place, without loſing all popularity! It was the blindneſs of zeal. The cruelty of the times, attended with bitter exaſperations, prevent its being a ſtain on our liberal-minded hero. Don't think I am diverted from my favourite ſtar in the galaxy of fame;—I always ſee the ſpirit of Wallace ſuperior and alone, like Hercules, repoſing after his labours.—Do not tell me of his being bloody; no doubt he thought it was the "ſword of the Lord, and of Gideon that he drew:"—"nothing he did in hate, but all in honour."—I reverence his hallowed ſhade, as much at this preſent moment, as when we were trying to lift his two-handed ſword in Dumbarton caſtle.

Now I was as full of the idea of the caſtle of Inverlochy as poſſible, when theſe heroes carried me away. The ſtrength of this venerable pile is wonderful. Mr. G. has told us how they built theſe ſtrange

walls.

walls.—There was a frame of boards made of their height and breadth, into which diſſolved lime, and ſtones of all ſizes and ſorts were poured. When theſe conſolidated, the frame was taken away, and the wall was everlaſting.—Pray thank me for your firſt leſſon in architecture, which, at any rate, will do you no harm.

Now I am going to commit to your prudent ſecrecy a flight among the clouds, which I ventured in a very ſtormy day, and a very melancholy hour:

Rave on, ye demons of the ſtorm!
The ſkies diſturb, the ſeas deform,
And urge the whirling blaſt!
Commix the waves in wild uproar,
And howl along the deſart ſhore,
While nature ſhrinks aghaſt!

From the dark chambers of the ſky,
I ſee the lurid lightnings fly,
With quick illuſive glance;
While thunders, murmuring from afar,
Proclaim the elemental war,
And nearer ſtill advance.

Methinks,

Methinks, with horrid joy elate,
Avenging miniſters of fate,
Now mount the whirlwind's wing;
And, while they trace their deſtin'd path,
Tremendous pour the vial'd wrath
Of nature's awful King!

Rage on, ye blaſts! unmov'd by fear,
Your fierce conflicting ſtrife I hear;—
For what have I to dread?
Not ſtorms, whoſe fury rends the ſky,
Nor thunder, pealing from on high,
Awake th'unconſcious dead.

Since dead to hope, and love, and joy,
Why ſhould your pow'r my peace deſtroy,
Or break my mournful calm?
Your deepeſt baſe, your loftieſt tone,
Grateful to me, and me alone,
I feel, like ſorrow's balm.

Thus, pleas'd, the ſea-fowl cry aloud,
While, toſs'd aloft, from cloud to cloud,
With heedleſs courſe they roam;
With ſtern delight, unmix'd with care,
They wander thro' the troubl'd air,
Like me, without a home.

This,

This, you say, is an exaggeration, for both the sea-fowl and I will find our home in due time.—True; but this is the language of deep de pondency, which aggravates every thing, and looks to no future comfort. The poetry of sorrow, however real the sorrow may be, sees images through mist, and enlarges them. In these cases, where there is imagination and an ear for harmony that predispose one to it, solitude and sadness very naturally lead the mind "to feed on thoughts that voluntary move harmonious numbers."—This amusement may tend to soothe and to refine the mind, but whether one is the happier for refinement, is a doubtful case; though I were wise enough, I am too drowsy for decision.—The account of my journey must also be deferred till to-morrow, when, I trust, my head will be clearer, and my heart lighter.—I will tell you of the diabolical quotation which occurred to me on entering the chamber which is to be mine:

"Receive

" Receive thy new poſſeſſor, one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by time or place."

I left my narrative yeſterday to mount the clouds and chaſe phantoms.—I am now very ſick, and very ſober, and reſolved to be methodical. If I grow worſe, our correſpondence will terminate in the only way it ever ſhall;—if not, I muſt attend my wonted duties, and lay down my pen.—But this day is mine, and ſhall, therefore, be yours. Know then, beloved, that the Glenmore, or Great Valley, is an opening from ſea to ſea, acroſs Scotland, through ſome of the wildeſt parts of the Highlands. On the eaſt, the ſpacious bay of Cromarty, at the head of which lies Inverneſs, runs up between Roſsſhire and Murray, a great way inward, till it reaches the Highlands; then, on the weſt, you ſail in between Appin, Leſmere, and Mull, till you come to Loch Linnhe, an inlet of the ſea on which Fort William ſtands. A little further,

further, as you go towards Fort Auguſtus, you meet with the Lochy, a river which, coming in a weſtward courſe from Loch Lochy, diſcharges itſelf into Lochinnhe, at the old caſtle of Inverlochy, properly ſignifying the diſcharge of the Lochy. Over brown and unvaried moors, we travelled, ſtill in ſight of this ſhort river, till we arrived at its parent lake, long, narrow, and remarkable for nothing, but its occupying ſome miles of the Glenmore, and, having had the laſt battle between adverſe clans, fought on its banks, which are a dull flat. What gives it intereſt is, that, when you arrive at the end of it, you ſee and feel yourſelf in the centre betwixt the two ſeas, and ſee at once the Lochy and the Oich on each ſide of you, running in oppoſite directions, one making its way through Loch Linnhe to the weſt ſea, and the other through Loch Neſs into the Murray Firth, on the eaſt. It is thoſe faſt-following lakes, linked by filial ſtreams

that

that form the opening, which the three forts were meant to guard, and which, they ſay, invites art to the aid of nature in forming a canal, that ſhould in a manner divide Scotland; but that will be the buſineſs of a wiſer and a richer century. I ſhould have told you, in the right place, of my paſſing Highbridge, eight or nine miles, I think, from Fort William. It croſſes the Spean, a ſmall river, which, ruſhing down from the central mountains, has worn a channel of aſtoniſhing depth. — Over this, two ſhrubby crags project.—The bridge is thrown acroſs from the one to the other, and the arches, founded in the river, are ninety feet high. You know how little I underſtand, or care for buildings; but fine bridges caſt over deep chaſms, have that kind of grandeur that ſeizes on my gothic imagination.—The effect of this one muſt be forcible, I ſhould think, on every mind. After ſo much dreary moor, the ſhrubbery and verdure about it refreſh

freſh the eye; and the ſimple majeſty of theſe lofty arches forms a fine contraſt to the noble, though irregular piles of rock-work, which they connect. The "boiling" and "wheeling" of the waters below animate the view; and even its dizzy horror pleaſes, after the long pauſe of dreary ſtillneſs you have juſt quitted.—Another far-ſeen object gives ſad variety to the proſpect, before you leave the languid ſameneſs towards Loch Lochy; it is Lochiel and the ruins of Achnacarrie, once the manſion of the gentle chieftain of the Camerons.—I call him gentle, becauſe he really was ſo. His diſpoſition was milder, his manners ſofter, and his mind more cultivated than thoſe of his companions in misfortune, to uſe a ſoft word.—He was like Brutus among the conſpirators, whom you uſed to admire in the play.

"The reſt did what they did in envy of great Cæſar,
He only, in a general honeſt thought," &c. &c.

No

No man ſacrificed more domeſtic comfort to miſtaken principle.—No man had clearer views of the fatal reſult.—In vain he endeavoured to diſſuade the adventurer, who landed near his houſe, from carrying on his ill-ſupported project.—When he ſaw his doubts were miſconſtrued into fear, he took a tender leave of his family, and plunged into the gulph where he foreſaw deſtruction. Can I poſſibly quit Achnacarrie, without proudly reciting an inſtance of the generous attachment of the tenants to their exiled chief. His eſtate was forfeited, and they paid the uſual rent to the crown; beſides this they voluntarily paid a rent to ſupport Lochiel's family abroad. When the demeſne was taken by ſome friends for their behoof, the tenants ſtocked it with cattle of all kinds.—This too was a pure benevolence; and to this my grandfather, one of that faithful band, amply contributed.—Mr. G. is provoked at my ſtupidity, in not being loſt in admiration

and

and aſtoniſhment at the military roads.—Highbridge, which makes a part of them, I do admire, but have no clear apprehenſion of their general beauty, or wonderful uſefulneſs.—I do not juſt take it for granted, that they are to civilize the country ſo ſpeedily and effectually; the people were very-*civil* when they were well treated; they were ſo agile and familiar with their own bye paths, and ſo accuſtomed to go

> " Over moor, over mire,
> Thro' buſh, and thro' briar,"

that I am not clear they will always forſake their old-ſhort cut, for the pleaſure of going ten miles round on hard gravel.—Theſe roads will afford acceſs to ſtrangers, who diſlike and deſpiſe, becauſe they do not underſtand them; and to luxuries they cannot afford to pay for, and would be happier without.—Early accuſtomed to ſavage life, I have not the horror at it that wiſer people have.—As far as merely regards

gards this world, I am not ſure how much my old Mohawk friends have to gain by being civilized; nor are my expectations very ſanguine of the felicity which more knowledge of good and evil will produce here.—They know the plain, the narrow path, revelation has traced out to a happy immortality, and what more can they know, that will not be vanity and vexation of ſpirit, to a country which nature meant to be poor.—I am ſure ſavages have more uſeful and pleaſing knowledge than people imagine, were it but of birds and plants.

This, perhaps, is ſaying too much; but I am ſo provoked at ſeeing ſhallow artificial people, who have no ideas but what they borrow, treating the inventive children of the wild with ſcorn.—Thoſe who pace all their lives on in an even-paved road, doing every day juſt what they did yeſterday, are unable to eſtimate the powers of thoſe, who muſt bend their mind

mind every hour to ſome new and unpremeditated exertion. After we paſſed the centre of the Glenmore, where the waters divide, I was much pleaſed to find woody hills, and green plains, narrow, but beautiful, opening before me.—Laggana-chadrom charmed me: it ſeemed ſo rural, ſo peaceful, and ſo ſocial.—Thinking what innocent ſylvan beings dwelt in thoſe huts, I contemplated them with ſecret pleaſure; and ſo would you, knowing no more than I did.—I am ſure there were forty diſtinct buildings, ſpread out on a ſmooth little plain, of the ſofteſt, freſheſt verdure.—The broad end of Loch Oich, the prettieſt of all poſſible lakes, forms the baſe of this triangular plain: the ſteep green hill of Letterfinlay, on the ſlope of which the light foliage of the drooping birch waved in the evening gale, formed one ſide, and the variegated ſlopes and broken copſes on the Glengary ſide, the other.—Mr. G. had returned.—We had a boy very ſmart

and

and intelligent, who took care of our horſes. —Loſt in contemplation, we were enjoying this paſtoral ſcenery when we were interrupted, with "Ladies, the greateſt thieves in all the country live in theſe houſes." We were ſhocked, but found, upon inquiry, that this ſweet hamlet was really inhabited by the only remaining horde of thoſe plunderers, who uſed to conſider making a *ſpreath* as a gallant exploit; now, a ſpreath was carrying away forcibly a herd of cattle, and fighting their way through all oppoſition. I felt a kind of horror on finding that the cluſter of innocent peaſants' cottages I had been admiring, was merely a den of thieves.—I now began to hold the military road, and civilizing the natives, in all due reverence. Nay, ſuch a complete convert was I become, that I felt inclined to admire a happy thought of a worthy good natured Iriſhman, Governor Caulfield, at Fort George, who moſt poetically exclaimed,

" Had you ſeen thoſe roads before they were made,
You would hold up your hands, and bleſs Marſhal
Wade."

I wiſh I could ſhare with you the pleaſure I felt, in admiring, in a ſweet ſtill May evening, the ſcenery round *Loch Oich* and Invergarrie; the declining ſun was ſhining immediately after one of thoſe ſoft warm ſhowers, that ſteal ſilently down, refreſhing all nature, and awakening the whole woodland melody.—A blackbird, on one ſide of Loch Oich, poured out the fulleſt ſtrain of wild muſic I ever heard; while a woodlark, from the ſtreaming birch-trees on the other ſide, ſeemed emulous of his notes, and was more ſweetly liquid, though not ſo loud.—Do the birds really ſing ſweeter here, or does the wild ſcenery of thoſe narrow vales reverberate the ſound, and produce a tone of feeling more accordant to the muſic of nature?—I never before felt the magic ſpell of ſweet according ſounds ſo powerful.—O! how I wiſhed for

ſome one to ſhare a luxury that wealth cannot purchaſe, and that thouſands are not born to taſte!

"O! blind to truth, to virtue blind,
Who ſlight the ſweetly penſive mind,
On whoſe birth the graces mild,
And every Muſe prophetic ſmiled."

"Theſe are the ſpirits born to know and prove,
All nature's charms, immenſe, and heaven's unbounded love."

From this trance I was waked by a bright gleam of the parting ſun, that threw its yellow radiance on the oppoſite windows of Invergarrie houſe.—This has all the characteriſtic features of the ſeat of a Highland chieftain.—The lake, with little wooded iſlands, that ſeemed to float on the calm ſurface before it;—the rapid river ruſhing down from the mountains, pouring its full ſtream into the lake beſide it;—the remaining tower of the ancient caſtle frowning proudly on the modern houſe;—the long

habitable glen opening back from the manſion of the chief, emboſomed in woods and rocks, and animated by cluſters of warm peaceful hamlets.—From theſe every peaſant ruſhes to arms, when his maſter's honour or ſafety is endangered.—There every man is a hunter, a fiſher, and an architect, in his own way; and there is a muſician in every houſe, and a poet in every hamlet.

Alas! for me that am "of language ſtrange," and have returned to the land of my forefathers, with only this *Chaldean* Engliſh. "Dark ſayings on the harp" are dark indeed to me.

I greatly wiſh you ſaw Glengary, it is ſo pictureſque; the glen that aſcends from it, inſtead of narrowing, as uſual, grows broader as it retires back, till you arrive at Loch Garrie, from whence the river of that name deſcends.—The caſtle, ſurrounded by a very reſpectable garden of old renown, is half a mile weſt of the houſe.—Rich corn fields, a great relief to the eye, after the

brown

brown deſart, fill up the interval; and weſtward from the caſtle, Killcanan, gently-ſloping, verdant and diverſified, cloſes the proſpect with due ſolemnity:—for there the family burial place, a pretty large incloſure, ſhaded with lofty old trees, arreſts the attention.—I think the mind broods with more calm and ſteady attention over the laſt refuge of mortality, when appropriated in this manner to a particular ſet of people, whom the imagination can graſp and follow, than over the reſting places of unknown multitudes, where thought wanders in forlorn confuſion, "along the waſte dominions of the dead."—You muſt muſe alone, as much as I have done, before you can be capable of penetrating the gloom of a paragraph ſo ſublimely obſcure as my laſt.—Tombs, like heroes, have a peculiar attraction for me, I cannot get quietly paſt them.—After having thus tranſgreſſed and digreſſed, I ſhall keep you at Invergarrie, to view the back ground towards the north,

where the proſpect riſes into the moſt blue, aerial and fantaſtic groupe of broken rocks and mountains I ever beheld.—Through theſe you can neither ride nor properly walk, but the natives contrive to ſwim and creep, and wade and leap, much in the way Satan did when he viſited the "Anarch old," and then they arrive at another eſtate belonging to Glengary, on the lea-ſide, a wondrous region called Knoidart, where there are no firſt floors at all, but all is garret, or cellar; inacceſſible precipices, overhanging mountains, and glens narrow, abrupt, and cut through with deep ravines, combining with rapid ſtreams, dark pools, and woods ſo intricate, that the deer can ſcarce find their way through them.—Yet the natives are looked upon as happier than others.—Redundant graſs and luxuriant heath afford abundance to their cattle, who are never houſed in winter.—Deer, wild fowl, and fiſh, are in great plenty; ſalmon, in particular, crouds their rivers, and ſhell-fiſh of all

all kinds abound on their rugged coaſts.—All this they enjoy without a rival or competitor, for who could go for it, or carry it away?—Bread indeed is a foreign luxury with them, they raiſing little or no corn; a ſhip however comes once or twice a year, and brings them a ſupply of meal in exchange for butter and cheeſe.—This is the aſylum of the catholics; all who live in the country are of that profeſſion, and, wonderful to tell, a gentleman of family, great learning, genteel manners, and moſt ſpotleſs life, a biſhop of their communion, ſpends his life in this truly ſavage abode; he has no other motive but the deſire of doing good to thoſe who can make him no adequate recompence.—There too, in the moſt ſecluded receſs of theſe wilds, in a corner ſo obſcure that the ſun can ſcarce ſhine on it, is a ſeminary, where boys are educated for the prieſthood, (that is prepared for foreign ſeminaries,) through very great poverty and hardſhip.—Sure theſe

people imagine they ſuffer for conſcience ſake; and, abſurd as their tenets are, to ſay the beſt of them, we muſt not think they can diſſemble for a whole life-time, nor have we room to think any one can lead a ſelf-denying and upright life without the divine aid.—I fear we poor creatures are mercileſs to each other; I don't like to think of their opinions, yet am happy when I hear of the gold of good intention glittering through the droſs of error.—How I have wandered!—but the thing neareſt my heart, now that I care ſo little for moſt worldly matters, is to ſhew you every object in the cleareſt light in which it appears to myſelf.—I would carry you with me wherever I go, I would teach you to think, that you might ſupply the defect of timely tuition, by giving, yourſelf, ſome culture to that excellent underſtanding.—Your mind is too good a ſoil to run to waſte.—When I think of your native taſte, your delicacy of feeling, and that rectitude of judgment, which

which is your peculiar excellence, I grieve that you know ſo few who comprehend what you poſſeſs, or know what you are capable of acquiring.—How pleaſing to ſee the beauties of ſuch a mind expanding!—Will that pleaſure ever again be mine?—Let me ſuppoſe it, in the mean time, a mirror, in which the images that paſs through mine will be reflected.—I cannot think how any one who has ever taſted the rich banquet of intellectual pleaſure, mingled with the ſweets of friendſhip, can exiſt deprived of it.—Sure the Lotos that Ulyſſes' friends found, was ſomething like it.—No wonder they would not come away. If I did not think of you, and could not write to you, how forlorn I ſhould be, and how little would "the charm of earlieſt birds" or the wild ſcenes of enchantment, that riſe here and there amidſt the *brown deſart*, avail to comfort me. Adieu, my dear. It is time to leave off "*chewing* the food of ſweet and bitter fancy."—Good night.

LETTER XVI.

TO MISS R.

FORT AUGUSTUS, MAY 25, 1773.

SMALL heart have I to write, and can as yet tell you little of Fort Auguſtus. It was dark before we deſcended to the houſe which is to be ours; of which I can only ſay, that it ſtands in ſomething like a grove, and that this grove riſes on a point at the confluence of the Oich with Loch Neſs. We drank tea with our predeceſſor's family; they are ſtill convaleſcents. - - - - - - The clergyman of the place was the only ſtranger, of whom I was previouſly told that he was handſomer than any body: he appeared more modeſt than moſt handſome men, who are leſs tolerable I think, than mere handſome women. - - - - - - - They cannot

cannot remove for ten days, and here am I very much indiſpoſed "in the worſt inn's worſt room;" and to mend the matter, juſt above the beſt bed-room, where all ſtrangers are received; and worſe ſtill, this room has a vocal floor, like the one at Luſs. —Oh! for a carpet! the only luxury (not intellectual) that I have longed for ſince I left you.—Worſe and worſe—if I do not get better, remember the laſt word I write is my benediction to you.

LETTER XVII.

TO COLLECTOR M——.

FORT AUGUSTUS, MAY 25, 1773.

MY DEAR SIR,

I KNOW not how to conſole you, nor indeed how to mention the event that has grieved us all ſo much; yet, after all, this new connexion is a gentleman by birth and education.

Very great blame there certainly is, but a ſmall part comparatively remains with thoſe who are in a great meaſure ſufferers from their own imprudence. The contrivers and abettors of this raſh union are more deſerving of your anger than the parties themſelves.—Marriages thus haſty and clandeſtine, have ſometimes proved fortunate beyond all expectation.—It was perhaps

haps too great a charge for a creature ſo young and lovely, without a protector of her own ſex, to manage a family, and be obliged to entertain all kinds of company. —I know, I am certain, your heart muſt relent towards her when you conſider fully of it.—The regiment I am told is ordered abroad; they may be years without meeting; ſhe will come home penitent and thoughtful, to take charge of your affairs; and, her fate being now fixed, will have no object to draw off her attention.

I am confined here, and reading ſome of the books I had from you is my only conſolation! When I am well enough to write more at large, I ſhall endeavour to amuſe you with my crude opinions, for which I ſhall make no apology, as it is in compliance with your own deſire.—I am very ſincerely,

Yours, with much eſteem.

LETTER XVIII.

TO COLLECTOR M——.

FORT AUGUSTUS, MAY 28, 1773.

MY DEAR SIR,

SINCE I wrote you laſt, I have been moſt intent on biography, and quite engroſſed by heroes and legiſlators. I am afraid and aſhamed, after all my promiſes of frankneſs, to tell you who is my favorite. When I look up to the great legiſlator of the north, like Shenſtone's little boys,

"I do in paſſing wonderment abound,
And think *he* been the greateſt wight on ground."

I am aſtoniſhed and borne down with the force of that mighty mind, which burſt all the golden chains of imperial pomp and prejudice,—which came ſtreaming like the

aurora

aurora borealis, to pour its ſplendors on the regions of darkneſs,—and which ſtooped like the fabled Antæus, to gain ſtrength from the earth, and riſe with freſh vigour. —Self-abaſement, matchleſs patience, and ſtubborn perſeverance, virtues dealt ſparingly to the hero kind, were his pre-eminently.—I ſurvey his new creation with aſtoniſhment;—I ſee him preſiding at the birth of intellect with reverence;—and yet, I reſpect and admire, without loving or eſteeming this extraordinary character.— He was a heartleſs barbarian after all,— his views were often juſt and always great, but he did not care who or what he trampled on, to attain to the completion of them. Only think of him, like another Herod, ſacrificing ſo many hundred innocents to his prepoſterous ſalt-water experiment.—It was an inſolent and impious attempt to conquer nature.—Then how many thouſands fell victims to his ambition of building that ſhocking town Peterſburgh!

—He

—He might have made the principal ſtreet of *dead men's bones* (as children ſay of London bridge in the old ballad)—provided he applied the remains of the poor peaſants to that purpoſe.—*Five hundred thouſand* people to be ſacrificed with ſuch cool deliberation, to create a ſea-port!—I am ſure, though he did conquer nature there, it was a dear bought victory.—Which of Shakeſpeare's heroes is it that ſays with ſuch bitter regret,

" If I am forced
To draw this ſword to be a widow-maker,
Bear witneſs heaven, &c. &c."

That was generous, open war; fatal and depopulating at beſt, no doubt, yet a field for noble exertions, and for the diſplay of ſome ſhining qualities.—But to go calmly and coolly with a hatchet and a trowel, to be a widow-maker to ſuch an extent,—I have no patience with the cold-hearted tyrant.—If you *will* know what I think of him, you muſt not call it prudery when I expreſs

expreſs inſuperable diſguſt at his marriage, and at the blind admiration that circumſtance of his life has excited.—To divorce his wife without a pretext,—to give the example to a great empire which he profeſſed to enlighten and reform,—of a father's bringing, not merely his own miſtreſs, but the miſtreſs of other men, to rule over his family,—to be the mother-in-law of his ſon,—the heir of that vaſt empire!—What father could place confidence in his ſon, or give him leſſons of virtue, when conſcious he had forfeited all claim to his reverence?—What huſband, what father can find felicity excluſive of his family?—What laurels, what eulogies can extract the ſting of domeſtic miſery?—The wretched, withered heart, pines unrefreſhed, like Gideon's fleece that lay dry, while all nature ſhared the genial influence of the dews of heaven.—On the evil conſequences reſulting to ſociety from breaking down the partition wall which ſeparates the undeviating from contagion,

tagion, volumes might be written, replete with inſtruction, corroborated by facts: but a ſingle fact ſelected from the life of this mighty legiſlator, contains the eſſence of volumes; it is that of beheading a gentleman of his bed-chamber, a handſome favorite of the empreſs, on the mere ſurmiſe that this favor extended beyond due limits.—You will recollect too that the Czar had his head expoſed on a pole in the pathway, and he drove out his happy empreſs in a ſledge paſt the *pole*.—She did not aſk what head it was, nor did he make the leaſt alluſion to it.—What eaſy intercourſe, what perfect confidence!—Now there could be only two ways of viewing this circumſtance; Catherine was guilty, or ſhe was not. If ſhe was guilty, how peculiarly aggravated was that guilt,—how depraved was that mind,—how vicious thoſe habits,—how hardened that ingratitude,—that in ſpite of the light of her own excellent underſtanding,—in ſpite of the dangers and ſpies that ſur-

ſurrounded her, could add a deeper blot to all former ſtains, and could look with cool diſſimulation on the dreadful reſult of her crime!—Now had Peter, as he ought to have done, if convinced of her guilt, hurled her down to contempt and infamy, the world would applaud the juſtice of his vengeance, and her memory would periſh with the opprobrium of that very world which now applauds her, becauſe ſhe was prudent and fortunate.—Add the reflection of what life a man of a great mind and ſtrong paſſions muſt afterwards lead, with a perſon whoſe infidelity and ingratitude he was convinced of; how the mere ſhame of having debaſed himſelf by ſuch an alliance, muſt have made him ſwallow his injuries.—Conſider, too, how totally that delicacy which inhabits every pure and noble mind, muſt be extinguiſhed, before a man could live on with a perſon he inwardly deſpiſed. Say then, that in a raſh fit of jealouſy, he, a legiſlator, a ſelf-conqueror, neither young

nor

nor romantic, had taken the life of a man whom he afterwards found reaſon to believe innocent?—Can there be a ſtronger teſtimony of the diſquiet, diſtruſt, and reſtleſs perturbation, which muſt reſult from ſuch an alliance?—Othello talks of

"The minutes he tells o'er
Who doats, yet doubts, ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves."

What then muſt be his fate, who begins his married life by laying a broad and juſt foundation for jealouſy?—What woman who hopes for protection, would marry a known coward? Is life, or any thing pertaining to it, ſo dear as that honour, that very exiſtence of his family, which a man intruſts to his wife?—Though ſurrounded with glory and admired by all the world, is it to be wondered at that the Great Peter ſo often drowned in wine the bitterneſs of reflection?—Had he built fewer ſhips and towns, and began his great work with reforming the morals of his ſubjects by his own

own example, his work might have been ſlower perhaps, but it would have been ſurer.—Elegance and refinement are eaſily added to wiſdom and virtue, they are indeed produced by them; when a man is brought to think rightly and act juſtly, his taſte improves apace; and we ſee all over the world, where virtue languiſhes, the arts decay.—I muſt return to juſtify my limited admiration of your favorite hero, who I ſuſpect ſtands the higher with you for being an artiſt, like your own Duke Archibald.—How a man ſhould be great without generoſity, ſeems wonderful; and yet great he was, and generous he was not—no not in a ſingle recorded inſtance.—His promoting foreigners, who would not ſtay among his bears without promotion, I ſhould only call ſound policy. I ſhall not detail what every page evinces,—I will not grate my feelings with the recollection of the accumulated cruelty and injuſtice which ſent the brave Swedes, priſoners of war, gentlemen, and ſervants

ſervants of a generous and heroic maſter, to expiate the crime of obedience in the deſarts of Siberia;—which ſent generals, who had ſtruck terror into the heart of Moſcow, and dazzled all Europe with the ſplendor of their actions, to build huts in Siberia with their own hands, and teach his half rational ſlaves to plant turnips on the banks of the Oby.—To ſum up all I conſider Peter as a man wiſe and brave without virtue.—Perhaps his hard unbending character was as well calculated to make political reforms in Ruſſia, as the ſanguine and ferocious temper of John Knox, for making religious ones in Scotland.—I will not apologize.—You bid me read biography, to teach me to think; I have thought, and here is the reſult.—If I have not made you very angry, I will next give my thoughts of his rival hero.—Will you, dear ſir, continue to think that I reſpect your opinions, reverence your judgment, and ſhall always be your obliged friend and obedient ſervant.

LETTER XIX.

TO COLLECTOR M——.

FORT AUGUSTUS, MAY 30, 1773.

I REJOICE, dear ſir, that you are pleaſed with my ſincerity and not *diſpleaſed* with my enthuſiaſm.—I hope it will not, as you ſeem to think, evaporate with youth.—I truſt I ſhall be an enthuſiaſt in friendſhip, and in the love of virtue and of nature, all the days of my life.—How could ſpirits, aſpiring after ſomething better than this world affords, exiſt in this gloomy uncongenial clime without it? When torpor threatens to chill the ſoul, it warms and animates it; when the mind tends to be languid and enervated, it invigorates and braces it.—'Tis the fan of a warm climate, and the fur of a cold one.—Who ever did much good

to

to others without a degree of enthuſiaſm, to looſen the faculties from their coheſion with ſelf-love?—I will no longer bewilder myſelf among figures, for I ſee you ready to compare me to Hudibras,

"Who could not ope
His mouth but out there flew a trope."

Yet is not enthuſiaſm pardonable, when about to enter on the diſcuſſion of a life of wonders, where all is true yet nothing probable?—Even the right marvellous life of Charles the Twelfth?—The unfortunate have few friends.—This remark is neither ſo trite nor ſo invidious in my application of it as it may at firſt appear; we are not always malignant, but we are very often lazy; peoples misfortunes are ſo often owing to their own miſconduct, that, without examining into particulars, we are ready to take it for granted in moſt caſes, and become unjuſt, to ſave ourſelves the trouble of candid inveſtigation. Never was there a human being whoſe character was more modelled

modelled by peculiarities in his ſituation and education; by irreſiſtible impulſes from without and from within, all driving him on to that ardent extreme, to which his natural temper too forcibly inclined.—Reared under a father cold and ſtern, defectively educated; taught from childhood to value nothing but military glory, left ſo very young to act for himſelf, and ſurrounded by people little ſkilled in the elegant arts, who had not learned truly to eſtimate the ſofter graces and milder virtues of civilized life. Young, inexperienced, yet full of valour, generoſity, and integrity, a ſtorm broke around him, which involved all his future life in tempeſts.—The perfidious confederacy of the three royal robbers, who, under the maſk of friendſhip, had agreed to take advantage of the minority of a brother ſovereign, to deſpoil his crown and divide his territories, while it called forth the military talents of the young prince, to prompt and aſtoniſhing exertion, gave, at the ſame time, an inflexible bias to his

mind.—The more upright and pure he felt his own ſentiments, the more indignation this conduct muſt have excited.—There is no motive that could ſtimulate the human mind to perſevering hoſtility, but what mingled in this caſe; revenge, which the provocation had almoſt exalted into virtue; the patriot paſſion burning for his injured country; emulation, excited by rivals, brave, powerful, and invidious; the ardour of youthful enthuſiaſm animating

"A frame of iron, and a ſoul of fire;"

and, finally, the

"Fatal love of fame, that glorious heat,
Only deſtructive to the brave and great."

Stern, obſtinate, and uncultured, highly exaſperated and ſignally victorious, what was the conduct of this prince, when the proud city of Copenhagen lay at the feet of a victor, ſcarce ſeventeen?—Piety, moderation, clemency, and magnanimity, marked every ſtep of his progreſs.—Had he not outlived that year it would have been very

very unjuſt to characterize him as a mere warrior.—Even then he was ſomething more, and ſomething better.—After granting terms dictated by lenity and probity, to this faithleſs enemy, let us view his conduct to the more faithleſs Czar after the victory at Narva,—that victory whoſe rapidity diſtanced belief while its ſplendor dazzled imagination.—Still we find him acting with the generoſity of a true hero, and the courteſy of a preux chevalier; without fear or reproach, aſcribing all glory to the God of battles, and treating the vanquiſhed with unequalled humanity.—Could it be expected, that in the midſt of this brilliant and rapid career, he ſhould readily liſten to terms of accommodation dictated by thoſe very fears that inſured his future victories;—from an enemy too who had planned the deſtruction of his country?—Would the great Guſtavus, wiſe and pious as he was, have done it in the ſame circumſtances? Beſides he was actuated by the

ſpirit of chivalry, and conſidered his courage as the gift of Providence, beſtowed upon him to redreſs the injured and protect the weak.—How different would be the judgment of the world, regarding his conduct in Poland, had ſucceſs attended him to the end of his career!—Was not Auguſtus a perjured prince without honor or morality, —who governed by intrigue, broke every compact, and violated every duty, both to his Saxon and Poliſh ſubjects? What did Charles do, but remove him from a throne he had degraded to venality, and ſtained by his vices?—He ſent him back to Saxony, which he ſhould never have left.—Finding that the Poles, corrupted by the example of a king, at whoſe depoſition they rejoiced, had neither virtue nor concord remaining, ſufficient for the purpoſes of a free election, he pointed out to them a young man, noble, brave, virtuous, and candid, to whom he ſeemed attracted by congenial rectitude of mind, and who repreſented one of their

moſt

moſt illuſtrious families.—Why does not the ſcene cloſe here?—Why not ſtop while we have the pleaſure of contemplating this extraordinary man, with hands unſtained by cruelty and injuſtice, and a heart pure from every ſiniſter motive, "acknowledged lord of pleaſure and of pain," neither to be attracted by the one, nor repelled by the other, — diſpenſing crowns and dignities with the moſt diſintereſted liberality—receiving the homage of the north and the ſplendid embaſſies of the eaſt, with unvarying modeſty,—and uniting in his habits of life the activity and ardour of a ſoldier, with the ſimplicity and abſtemiouſneſs of an anchorite?—He indeed was a hero to his valet de chambre, for he had nothing to conceal, nothing to be aſhamed of. But who could drink ſo deep of the cup of proſperity without being in ſome degree intoxicated?—Who can paſs through life without committing ſome fault, the conſequences of which cloud and embitter it?

His treatment of Patkul was indeed very barbarous; I never think of it without horror, and feel little inclined to be the advocate of cruelty: but, from the undeviating rectitude of his general conduct, this being the ſole inſtance in which he was charged with injuſtice, it is but candid to ſuppoſe, he conſidered himſelf as inflicting death on a traitor.—The manner of it is not to be palliated; it is a great but a ſingle ſtain.—His ſubſequent ſchemes of ambition were doubtleſs extravagant and injudicious, and the raſhneſs of endeavouring to combat the elements and ſubdue nature in his march to Pultowa, was ſtill more ſo.—Yet he led his men to no hardſhips that he did not ſhare with them; he was certainly deceived by flatterers, who attacked him on his only vulnerable ſide, by perſuading him he could overcome difficulties from their nature inſurmountable.—Can you withhold your pity and your admiration from him in that ſad criſis of his fate when the ſun of his

his proſperity ſet, to riſe no more; or when he bore the utmoſt bodily pain, and the moſt wringing anguiſh that a great mind can ſuffer without a change in his countenance or temper?—Can any thing equal his fortitude and patience in Turkey; or his wild heroiſm at Bender, where his liberality and ſimple manners, his unſtained morals and undaunted mind, won reverence and affection from the very Janizaries;—or his unſhaken perſeverance in Demetica, where he lay eleven months in bed, in perfect health, to eſcape the riſk of degradation, to him the greateſt of evils?—I own his reign was a misfortune to his people:—I confeſs it was happy for him and them that it terminated ſo ſoon,—when exaſperation, injuries, and diſappointments, had driven him to a kind of obſtinate deſperation.—Yet ſtill I admire and regret him, and look upon him as a man, brave and virtuous, without wiſdom; whoſe great qualities may be ſafely admired, without the

leaſt danger of their being imitated.—He is unique and will continue ſo.—You wonder at my preference, but I cannot give much of my admiration without ſome of my eſteem.—Again, this ſelf-ſubdued hero ſerves to eſtabliſh my favourite maxim: without ſelf-denial and ſelf-conqueſt, I have no idea of any conſiſtent virtue.—Who can depend for a moment on a character open to all the attacks of paſſion, all the allurements of pleaſure? A caſe like his, where ſo many cauſes concurred to urge him on to purſuits ſo fatal and pernicious, can occur but very ſeldom.—But what ſoldier, emulous of his well won fame, would not benefit by imitating his temperance, his probity, his contempt of pleaſure, and his abhorrence of meanneſs?—Peace to his ſhade! which has doubtleſs, ere now, claimed kindred with a far more amiable hero; but his only equal in unwearied perſeverance, romantic and extravagant courage, unconquerable ſtrength of mind and body,

body, and unblemiſhed purity of morals.—You have found out, ere now, that I mean our own unequalled Wallace.—They both early began the race of glory,—both ſtemmed the torrent of adverſity with unſhaken fortitude;—both refuſed honours and dignities with ſteady magnanimity;—and both at a very early period, fell victims to misfortune.—Our hero had a manifeſt ſuperiority in the uprightneſs of his motives. Unbiaſſed by ambition or vanity, he lived and died a generous patriot.—Conqueror to the laſt, he ſubdued the rigor of his fate by the calm cheerfulneſs with which he met it.—The noble ſentiments he diſplayed in the laſt ſcene of ſuffering, overcame the reſentment of a hoſtile nation, ſo that

"His fair fame, with clear and radiant blaze,
Spreads and grows brighter with the lapſe of days."

So far the Scot has the advantage of the Swede; a proof that the world is not al-

ways unjuſt.—I have been tedious on this favourite theme. — I wiſh to hear your criticiſm. — Though I am ſanguine, like Wallace, I am not obſtinate like Charles, and ſhall yield up my errors to your correction, with all due ſubmiſſion.

I am, &c. &c.

LETTER XX.

TO MISS R.

FORT AUGUSTUS, JUNE 5, 1773.

MY dear, I have been ſo ſick and ſo ſtudious, and ſo willing to pleaſe and amuſe the collector, under his late ſevere affliction, that I have given you and our truſty and well beloved B——, room to ſuppoſe I have already forgot you.—My right hand was at one time very near forgetting her

cunning; but my heart, like poor Maria's, is ſtill warm, and while it beats I ſhall tenderly remember you both.—Your letter is, like yourſelf, all truth, nature, and candour. —Don't be diſcouraged; there lies no fair compariſon between us.—Forced to read and think from childhood, for want of brother, ſiſter, or companion of my own age; toſt from place to place, and early accuſtomed to the ſociety of my ſuperiors in age and knowledge, what ſhould my mind do but unfold?—You had every diſadvantage; I ſhall never be other than I am, but you will every day improve.—Your jaunt muſt have been very amuſing.—You ſaw Loch Lomond to great advantage.—The companions you had were not all quite the thing.—Were we three there together with ſun-ſhine and a boat, and ſwains that would do what they were bid, and find occupation for themſelves now and then, - - - - but all this would have been too much, and

have made us wiſh this world would laſt always, as W. T. ſays——

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You have done juſt what you ought, and what every perſon capable of eſtimating your character muſt approve of.—I had no pleaſure in writing you of that marriage which I knew you would hear of but too ſoon.—As Dogberry ſays in the play, "you may ſet me down an aſs; I never once thought of ſuch a thing."—Now indeed that a thouſand odd things ruſh on my recollection, I wonder at my blindneſs.—But this comes of muſing and ſhell gathering;—I certainly ſhould make a very bad Duenna.—She is a ſtrange creature, and could not be improved.—Her pride was in high company, but her pleaſure in low; for her equals ſhe never cared, and reading I never could get her to reliſh.—How very vigilant my good angel was the day before I left Oban,

Oban, when I took that ſtrange ſudden deſire to come away, that has been ſo much for my peace and credit!—The very night I left them, this marriage took place; it was celebrated in the garden during an ominous ſhower of ſnow, with no other witneſſes than that happy pair who acted the ſame part themſelves ſo lately.—Unhappy creature, what a fond parent has ſhe plunged into grief and diſappointment!—He had great hopes of her;—her beauty and plauſibility warranted them. - - - - - - Love to our B.—I can tell you nothing of the place.—My cough has been drowned in decoctions of mountain herbs, given me by the beſt woman in the world, who keeps this houſe;—I ſhould have died but for her.—I have not gone down ſtairs yet, and am at a loſs with this *pervious* floor, whether to wiſh myſelf deaf, or all the gueſts dumb.—If uncle F. with his irritable nerves were here, it would either kill or cure him. Do you know I have not been in Eumaus's

pig-

pig-houſe this month, which you uſed to ſay was my favorite haunt.—The poor dear Odyſſey is quite neglected; I have forſaken it for biography; I can ſpeak of nobody leſs than a king or a general, and ſhall take the firſt opportunity of introducing you to prince Mazeppa.—Tweed and Clyde are not worth a farthing now, I can think of nothing but the Dneiper and the Boriſthenes. —I have ſome toleration too for the Wolga. —"O voman, voman!" as Win Jenkins ſays, "if you knew but the pleſhur we ſcullers have when we cenſter the crabbit werds." You ſee ſpirits will return with health, but you muſt expect no more bulky letters from your unchangeable, &c.

LETTER XXI.

TO MISS R.

FORT AUGUSTUS, JUNE 15, 1773.

I WILL deſcribe this place to you, if I can.—It is a miniature of New York as to ſituation, and, upon that, you have often heard me deſcant; only this is on a very ſmall ſcale.—The village and remains of the old fort, ſtand on a little riſing ground above the Oich, a ſweet wild-murmuring ſtream, that comes down on the north ſide from Loch Oich and Glengary: on the ſouth ſide, the Tarſe ſteals through deep-wooded glens from the Corryarick, and wanders, at length, through a meadowy low valley, bounded by very ſteep woody braes, on the garriſon ſide, and a mountain, gentle in its aſcent, verdant

and

and cultivated half-way up, on the other, ſurrounded by rugged rocks, that ſeem to frown ſullenly on the ſweet ſcenes below.

The fort ſtands on the brink of the lake, near the centre, and the Oich and Tarffe diſcharge their pure ſtreams into it on each ſide.—Next the lake the Gour has created a moſt pictureſque ſhrubbery and garden in the dry ditch that ſurrounds the fort, and has covered the wall with fruit-trees, and hid the maſked battery with laurels. That beautiful ſpot the glacis is almoſt an iſland: the village looks down on it from the weſt, on the north and ſouth it is incloſed by the Tarſe and Oich, a bridge croſſing each, parallel with the fort; on the eaſt, Loch Neſs forms a noble boundary with its pier, and ſolitary veſſel, which the vaſtneſs of the ſurrounding objects diminiſhes to a toy.—The fort too appears the prettieſt little thing you can imagine.—You would ſuppoſe ſome old veteran had built himſelf a houſe with a ditch

a ditch and drawbridge, to remind him of his paſt exploits. I have not been in it yet, but the barracks form the walls, and they are ſo white and clean-looking, and the baſtions ſo green and rural, and it is ſo fancifully planted round with the mountain-aſh, you would think Vertumnus commanded here, and had garriſoned the fort with Dryads. The lake, which opens in a long viſta below, reflects this fairy fortreſs; and a ſtill more rural ſcene, a little to the north, on a long fantaſtic-looking point, at the junction of the Oich with the lake, ſtands my father's houſe, ſurrounded with tall aſh-trees and gardens. Very near it is that of the commander of this ſolitary veſſel.—The ſerene grandeur of this lake in a calm is not to be deſcribed.—Bold ſteep mountains riſe on the ſouth ſide; little retiring bays and ſloping woods give variety to the north; and the reflection is ſo fine, nothing interrupts it for twenty-four miles, at the end of which,

the

the lake diſcharges through the ſhort rapid river Neſs, into the Murray Firth.—The immediate ſcene, in ſhort, is tranquil and beautiful, while the ſurrounding objects are all rude and majeſtic.—About half a mile up the ſmiling meads that border the Tarſe, is the village burying-ground, a place of old renown, where many a ſoldier ſleeps to wake no more. As I ſtood at the door in the afternoon, contemplating the ſcene I have tried to deſcribe, a cannon, fired by the fort, and anſwered by the veſſel, announced an approaching funeral.—There was a ſoft ſhower, or rather heavy miſt, which made every thing look freſh, but ſad.—Wreaths of thin clouds came down on the mountains, as if they too wore the veil of ſorrow.—The proceſſion came out with muffled drums and fifes playing a dead march.—A fine youth, intimate with the deceaſed, and much about his age, walked as chief mourner, and ſeemed greatly affected; ſo was every creature. You can't think

think how touching it was to ſee a funeral, where every individual ſeemed ſunk in the deepeſt ſorrow.—The mournful muſic, echoed by the rocks, followed the winding of the Tarſe till they reached the grave. I was chilled when the ſolemn pauſe enſued; and, when the diſcharge of muſkets announced the cloſe of the ceremony, I felt as if I were ſuddenly left alone,—ſuch is the effect of ſcenery and muſic. Not that entirely either, but, having heard, beſides, every one in the place agitated by hopes and fears about the deceaſed ever ſince we came here. He was the only ſon of a perſon in ſome conſiderable employment about the royal houſehold. A ſtrong paſſion for a military life induced him to enter the regiment quartered here laſt winter as enſign. The ſuperior officer, to whoſe charge he was entruſted, leaving the place the day before we came, his *protegé* went to ſee him over Corryarick. The captain,

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on parting with his young friend, discharged his muſket, forgetting it had ſmall-ſhot in it: the young man's knee was ſhattered; he was carried back, and the amputation found neceſſary ſeemed, at firſt, ſucceſsful.—Sunday night, however, when all was thought ſecure, the bandages looſened, and he bled to death.—He was ſo much beloved and pitied, that the operation and progreſs of the cure was every one's theme.—I heard nothing through my vocal floor, but how T. was, and what T. ſaid, and eulogiums, and regrets. Nobody is ſo lamented in town, becauſe there people do not think long on any one thing. Adieu. Night will ſeem long and diſmal; but I can write no more.

LETTER XXII.

TO COLLECTOR M——, OBAN.

FORT AUGUSTUS, JUNE 20, 1773.

I AM ſure, my dear Sir, you will incline to think me as mad as my hero, though you do not exactly ſay ſo. I ſuſpect he was no favourite with Duke Archibald; whoſe opinions I ſuppoſe you reſpected many years ago, as I do yours now.—I think, when you and he joined counſels about removing poor old Inverary, it was a very *Czariſh* plan; and I fear it will ſoon be put in execution. If I had great anceſtors, my domains would have a very groteſque appearance; for ſo much would my reverence for antiquity combat my love of elegance, that I would not willingly remove a ſtone from the buildings they had reared.

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I expect a kind and favourable anſwer to the interceſſions in my laſt. I touch, with a trembling hand, on a ſubject ſo delicate; and would not touch it at all, if I were not pretty confident of aſſiſtance from an advocate in your own breaſt.—In the mean time I will hope the beſt, and endeavour to purſue Oliver Cromwell through all his crooked paths. I have gone but a ſhort way, my attention having been completely engroſſed by a book that has bewitched me for the time;—'tis the Vicar of Wakefield, which you muſt certainly read. Goldſmith puts one in mind of Shakeſpear; his narrative is improbable and abſurd in many inſtances, yet all his characters do and ſay ſo exactly what might be ſuppoſed of them, if ſo circumſtanced, that you willingly reſign your mind to the ſway of this pleaſing enchanter, —Laugh heartily at improbable incidents, and weep bitterly for impoſſible diſtreſſes. But his perſonages have all ſo much nature about

about them.—Keep your gravity if you can, when Moſes is going to market with the colt, in his waiſtcoat of goſling-green; —when the vicar's family make the notable proceſſion on Blackberry and his companion; or, when the fine ladies dazzle the Flamboroughs with taſte, Shakeſpear, and the muſical-glaſſes; not to mention the polemical triumphs of that redoubted monogamiſt the vicar.—'Tis a thouſand pities Goldſmith had not patience, or art, to conclude ſuitably a ſtory ſo happily conducted; but the cloſing events ruſh on ſo precipitately, are managed with ſo little ſkill, and wound up in ſuch a hurried and really bungling manner, that you ſeem haſtily awaked from an affecting dream. Then miſeries are heaped on the poor vicar with ſuch barbarous profuſion, that the imagination, weary of ſuch cruel tyranny, ends it, by breaking the illuſion.—This, like the good people of England, it never fails to do, with bondage too heavy to be borne.

borne. I have too much indeed anticipated your own obſervations; but my intention was to awake your curioſity, that you might ſhare the pleaſure this artleſs tale has afforded me. To quit the flowery paths of ingenious fiction for the thorny maze in which I am ſlowly advancing, is no pleaſing tranſition to female fancy. I make it the more reluctantly, as I have not yet duly conſidered the character I am purſuing. While he mounts the dizzy crags of ambition, by ways untried before, which he does not ſeem to have premeditated, I gaze with wonder, heightened by perplexity;—trying, but vainly trying, to diſcover at what exact time he ceaſed to have the public good, and what he thought the intereſts of religion, at heart.

You ſee I take it for granted he was ſincere at firſt; and am the more convinced of this, as nothing could be more natural than the firſt ſteps of his progreſs. His early tranſition from a libertine to an enthuſiaſt,

thuſiaſt, is by no means wonderful. If a raſh impetuous libertine becomes at all devout, the ſame headlong fervour that hurried him down the precipice of vice, will animate him on his return to virtue. He will feel a more eager aſpiration after ſuperior attainments in ſpiritual improvement, than thoſe who have not been miſled, and a revolting horror at the allurements of vice, and all the deluſions from whoſe power he has eſcaped. Hurrying as faſt as poſſible to the oppoſite extreme, his ſpeed will naturally kindle enthuſiaſm. —This appears to have been preciſely Cromwell's caſe at his outſet.

The rigour of Laud ſoured him into a bigot. The vehement and declamatory ſtyle of preaching, which prevailed among his ſect, heated him into a fanatic. When temporal views, mingling with ſpiritual, awaked the ſpark of ambition which lay hid under the ſpecious pretence of zeal for reformation, hypocriſy began to take

its turn to reign. It would be tedious and difficult to trace his progreſs, yet, marking theſe changes and gradations in his caſe, and that of others, would be no uſeleſs taſk. —It would help us to a ſolution of many hiſtorical doubts, which, probably, became ſuch by an impatience in writers to decide on the motives of actions, without developing the proceſs of opinion, to cut, in ſhort, the knot they would not take time to untie. It is certainly invidious, as well as injudicious, to brand all thoſe with the ſtigma, of hypocriſy, who were, by the oppoſition and claſhing of parties, the ſtream of popular prejudices, and the tumult of popular commotions, hurried far beyond their intentions, and involved in a maſs, from which there was no poſſible means of ſeparating.

When we find him, who was not unjuſtly ſtigmatized as the arch-hypocrite of his day, ſincerely pious at one period; we muſt learn that, when it is ſo neceſſary at different

different ſtages of life, and under different circumſtances, to diſtinguiſh the ſame man from his former ſelf, it becomes ſtill more neceſſary, for tracing back the cauſes and weighing the conſequences of actions, that we ſhould attend to the diſtinction of character among thoſe who, though very different in their views, are, by ſlight obſervers, conſidered as one claſs.—For inſtance, thoſe who, having little piety themſelves, are not aware of its different effects on the minds of others, are very apt to confound all enthuſiaſts with bigots.—Now an enthuſiaſt ſees the bright ſide of all objects. Except in one of thoſe occaſional fits of deſpondency, which are the common portion of morbid ſenſibility, his ardent mind gives a bright colouring to all things connected with the object of his deſires and contemplations.—He is highly benevolent, becauſe the common ſtate of depravity, and the common refuge of hope in an only Redeemer, form a

ſtrong tie betwixt him and thoſe who have already, or may hereafter, become penitent like him:

" Theſe ſhare the joy that faith and hope ſupply."

Enthuſiaſm in devotion is thus perfectly compatible with cheerfulneſs of temper, and with the utmoſt liberality and good-will to all who worſhip the ſame God, more particularly thoſe who hold their ſalvation by the ſame charter. We may perceive, by a little obſervation of characters we are well acquainted with, that bigotry, ſo often confounded with enthuſiaſm, is very unlike, indeed often oppoſite to it. It is a ſpecies of ſelf-deception in thoſe who ſubſtitute a ſtrong attachment to certain peculiar opinions, with regard to the ordinances of the Divinity, for a love of his eſſence; and they miſtake a certain vanity in exerciſing their faculties upon polemical ſubjects, for a delight in contemplating the divine perfections. A bi-

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got may be (indeed often is) as ſincere as an enthuſiaſt; but his views do not tend to meliorate his temper, or enlarge his heart; they have rather the direct contrary effect. The tranſition from a bigot to a hypocrite is not neceſſary nor common, in ordinary circumſtances. Yet a perſon who idoliſes his opinions cannot abound in charity; and he, who does not love God well enough to love even his defaced and degraded image for his ſake, is certainly in greater danger of being miſled by ſelf-intereſt, into a dereliction of his principles, than thoſe whoſe hearts are warmed and expanded by their devotion. He may inſenſibly be led to cheriſh a degree of ſpiritual pride, teaching him to impoſe on others, and even on himſelf, if that were poſſible, auſterity of manners and outward obſervances, for that religion "which is firſt pure, then peaceable and gentle, and eaſy to be entreated." In many inſtances, it would be the greateſt

preſumption in any human being to ſay where bigotry ended, and hypocriſy began.

You may obſerve inſtances of Cromwell's leaders, eſpecially thoſe who commanded in Ireland, and executed what they called divine vengeance againſt the catholic garriſons, perpetrating ſuch deeds of cruelty as human nature ſhudders at.—Yet, ſo thoroughly ſatisfied were theſe men, that they were acting according to conſcience, that they not only lived a ſelf-denied and pious life ever after, but cloſed the ſcene on the ſcaffold, (upon the change of government) with ſerenity; profeſſing their dependance on the Divine mercy, full of concern for "having fallen ſhort of the glory of God," as they expreſſed it, and "being unprofitable ſervants;" yet not feeling the leaſt apparent compunction for cruelties acted and ordered by them.

All this is not mere digreſſion, though it may ſeem ſo; for if one did not read the hiſtory of that age of wonders with ſome attention

attention to the ſhades and degrees of guilt, that were forced upon ſome by the ruſhing cataract of furious party-zeal in their aſſociates, and that others ſlid into when once they departed in a ſlight degree from the unvarying path of rectitude, to do evil that good might come of it. If one did not attend to the gradations by which certain characters ſunk in value and efficacy, and thus gave room to unprincipled individuals of the ſame party to take the lead, one would ſhrink back with horror from human nature itſelf, wearing ſuch a deformed and diſaſtrous aſpect.—The oppoſite parties too were too much exaſperated to ſpeak with truth and candour of each other.—Yet even thoſe barbarous factions, while they broke down reſtraints, ſo as to ſhew the human heart in its utmoſt deformity and depravity, produced many virtues, elicited much bravery, fidelity, and true patriotiſm, that would otherwiſe never have been rouſed into action.—All

this is not Cromwell. I have tired your patience, and my own, with this long letter; I ſhall therefore defer my opinion of him to another, which you muſt encourage me to write to you. I muſt only ſay at preſent, that I am not over-dazzled by his abilities: his was a life of contingencies, made or patched up out of the fragments of other people's broken ſyſtems; he lay on the watch for caſual advantages, ſnatched them from friends and foes, and purſued them to the utmoſt.—This, a man of plan or ſyſtem could not have done.—When he had converted his warmeſt friends into his bittereſt enemies, his only hope of impunity was, by climbing up out of their reach. In his elevation he found his only ſafety; but the wretchedneſs of that elevation, the miſery of ruling by cruel and inceſſant expedients, and living in perpetual dread, and dying at laſt of ceaſeleſs and ſecret perturbations, affords a ſtill ſtronger leſſon againſt

" Vaulting

" Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itſelf,"

than even that aweful one which hiſtory and poetry have blended their powers to impreſs, in the inſtructive ſcenes of Macbeth.—I have, as uſual, wandered, but my hope and intention, dear Sir, is to amuſe you; and that, perhaps, I may do as much by the ſtarts and excurſions of an unformed mind, as by methodically and conſequentially detailing opinions not worthy your attention. I hope this will find your domeſtic peace eſtabliſhed, and your mind reconciled to thoſe evils which wiſdom cannot prevent; though virtue, and, above all, that rareſt virtue, patience, may convert them into bleſſings.—Not a word more about Cromwell, till you tell me how I acquit myſelf in the untried region of criticiſm.

I am always,
with great eſteem and deference,
Your obedient ſervant.

LETTER XXIII.

TO COLLECTOR M.

FORT AUGUSTUS, JUNE 31, 1773.

I REALLY cannot determine whether you, my dear Sir, are amuſing yourſelf with harmleſs raillery at the expence of your too preſumptuous correſpondent, or, whether you mix ſerious opinions with a little grave irony. As I feel myſelf very unequal to meet you upon the ground of raillery, I ſhall willingly take it for granted that you are "quite ſerious," and as ſeriouſly comply with your requiſition.—In ſhort, I will endeavour to point out the ſources whence this "premature information and reflection has been derived."—Spirit of Biography! (Muſe of Biography! methinks I ſhould rather ſay,) on what calm

calm elevation doſt thou reſide, ſurrounded by the powers of juſt diſcrimination, candid diſcuſſion, and true delineation?—Could I trace thy abode far, far beyond the clouds of paſſion, and miſts of prejudice, I would invoke thy aſſiſtance to pourtray a faint ſketch of the uſeful and happy life, the eſtimable and ſingular character of the friend of my childhood, the inſtructreſs of my youth, and the exiſting model in my mind of the higheſt practical virtue.—Madam, or Aunt S—l—r then, for ſo, by univerſal conſent, ſhe was indiſcriminately called, in the province of New York, was daughter to one of the firſt and moſt reſpectable characters exiſting in that province, when it fell under the dominion of the Engliſh.—His name was C—l—r, and his deſcendants are ſtill numerous and proſperous in that country, to which proſperity my friend's wiſdom and goodneſs contributed not a little.—This C—l—r was the very perſon who brought

over the four Mohawk kings, who were mentioned by the Spectator, as exciting ſo much wonder in England. He was introduced to Queen Anne, and had ſeveral converſations with her.—She offered to knight him, but he refuſed, not chooſing an elevation unuſual in that country, which would make an invidious diſtinction betwixt him and his friends.—Some years after his return, his daughter Catalina, then about eighteen, was married to Colonel Sc—l—r, who poſſeſſed an eſtate above Albany, in the direction which led to the vicinity of the French and hoſtile Indians. He was a perſon whoſe calm temperate wiſdom, ſingular probity, and thorough knowledge of the affairs and intereſts of the bordering nations, had given him a very great influence, not only in his own province, but among the Indians and Canadian French, whoſe reſpective languages he ſpoke fluently. He was wealthy, and very generous, and ſo public-ſpirited, that

though

though he did all in his power to prevent war, being, in fact, a

" Lover of peace, and friend of human kind ;"

yet, when he ſaw it inevitable, he raiſed a regiment at his own expence, and was the firſt who gave character or energy to the provincial troops. To detail inſtances of public virtue in this truly great and good man, would, in fact, be giving the hiſtory of the province during his life-time. From the place where he lived, he ſtood, as it were, a barrier between the Indians and the Inhabitants. Of high and diſtinguiſhed utility was this mild, philoſophic, and Chriſtian character ; yet, unleſs he had met a congenial mind, he could neither have done ſo much good, nor prevented ſo much evil. Luckily for the public, they had no family ; therefore, greatly reſembling each other, both in taſte, and inclination, and intellectual powers, their efforts were all directed one way.

At

At that time there were not many ſettlers in the province who were acquainted with the Engliſh language, and they generally entertained a rooted prejudice, nay averſion, to the very army which came to protect them. In the hoſpitality, intelligence, and pleaſing converſation of this very worthy pair, theſe always found a refuge; from them they met with a cordial kindneſs, found advice, and uſeful information. Petty and crooked policy was unknown in this patriarchal family, where a ſucceſſion of adopted children judiciouſly educated, and a number of domeſtic ſlaves, very kindly and tenderly treated, formed a happy community, who were directed with ſuch prudence, that they left leiſure to their rulers for beneficence ſtill more widely diffuſed, and for ſtudies of the moſt uſeful nature. Their acquaintance with elegant literature was, perhaps, not very extenſive; the Spectator, the tragedy of Cato, and the works of Milton and Young being the only

only books I remember to have met with, excluſive of hiſtory, biography, and memoirs: of theſe, indeed, there was a very ample collection, which had been carefully read, and thoroughly digeſted, by the owners; and not only furniſhed very frequently matter of converſation, but materials for reflection, and for that ſyſtem of policy by which their plans were regulated. They had three objects in view, beſides the great primary one of making their large family as good, and wiſe, and happy as poſſible: the firſt was, to prevent injuſtice being done to the Indians, to conciliate their affections, and to meliorate their condition; the ſecond, to alleviate the hardſhips and difficulties that the Britiſh troops were expoſed to, marching into unknown wilderneſſes, by receiving them into their family, making them acquainted with the nature of the country, and the manner of managing the ſtubborn tempers of the boóriſh inhabitants, avoiding ambuſhes,

and

and reconciling Indian nations to our government. On theſe occaſions, they would accommodate in the houſe, thoſe officers whoſe morals and manners recommended them moſt, and allow the parties of ſoldiers, as they paſſed, a lodging in their offices, and an abundant ſupply of milk and vegetables. The third object to which their wiſdom and humanity were directed was, the protection and comfort of new ſettlers, on their neighbouring boundary, to whom they were ever ready to extend a helping hand, both in the way of advice and aſſiſtance. Indeed, ſo well did they underſtand the intereſts and defence of that growing colony, and the important frontier on which they lived, that every new governor always came up to conſult them, and no public meaſure was thought ſafe till the colonel approved of it. In the mean time their houſe was an academy for morals, for manners, and for ſolid knowledge.—There the beſt company was always to be met:

there

there the moſt important topics were diſcuſſed, diſpaſſionately and fully: there converſation, properly ſo called, was cultivated and taſted. The little embelliſhments and elegancies of life, perhaps, had no great ſhare in theſe diſcuſſions; but ſhe,

"Whoſe mind was moral as the preacher's tongue,
And ſtrong, to wield all ſcience worth the name,"

was well ſkilled in the holy ſcriptures, and intimately known to the beſt divines and hiſtorians.—I ſay ſhe, for the colonel died before I knew her, after they had lived forty years together, in unexampled happineſs, and reared, from the time of their being weaned till they married, or launched out into active life, fifteen nieces, nephews, or other relatives, ſeveral of whom have ſince been diſtinguiſhed, both for their merit and their uncommon ſucceſs in various purſuits. Soon after the death of her lamented partner, Madam S—— removed to the town of Albany, that ſhe might more freely enjoy her choice of ſociety,—people whom

experience

experience in the world, or ſuperior attainments, made ſuitable aſſociates for a mind ſo ſound and ſo enlightened. Her huſband had left her all his poſſeſſions.—The uſe ſhe made of her wealth was to keep a kind of open table for ſtrangers who were, in any reſpect, worthy of admittance; and to educate, in ſucceſſion, the children of different relations of her beloved conſort. Many particulars, relative to this excellent perſon's life and manners, would be well worth preſerving; and, if I outlive her, (for I hope ſhe ſtill does live,) I think I will, ſome time or other, endeavour to pleaſe myſelf at leaſt, by preſerving a memoir of a life ſo valuable and exemplary.—But, to the point. In the eighth year of my age, we removed from the fort, to make room for ſome other regiment. Lodging next this good lady in town, I took a great fancy to a beautiful child, a relation whom ſhe was bringing up in the houſe; and my father attracted her notice by

by his piety, not very frequently a diſtinguiſhing feature in the military character. I will not tire you with the detail of all the little circumſtances that gradually acquired me the place in her favour which I ever poſſeſſed. She ſaw me read Paradiſe Loſt with delighted attention; ſhe was aſtoniſhed to ſee a child take pleaſure in ſuch a book, and no leſs ſo to obſerve, that I loved to ſit thoughtful by her, and hear the converſations of elderly and grave people.

My father, on leaving the army, took a ſmall farm of hers; ſhe ſtill grew more attached to me, and I lived with her for two winters. She profeſſed a deſire to keep me entirely, if my parents would part with me.—I was admitted to the honour of being her conſtant companion, ſlept in her room, and was entertained with many intereſting details, which to hear did I, like Deſdemona, "ſeriouſly incline," and ſhe

was

was gratified with my attention. Whatever culture my mind has received I owe to her.—Beyond the knowledge of my firſt duties I ſhould ſcarce have proceeded; or rather, I ſhould have become almoſt ſavage in a retreat, which precluded me from the advantages of ſociety, as well as thoſe of education. It is now three years ſince I have heard of her. When we left her, the diſcontents againſt the mother-country were daily on the increaſe. Her influence, which was very conſiderable, was all thrown into the oppoſite ſcale.—I fear her latter days will be darkened by that diſaffection to the parent-ſtate, which ſhe always dreaded would become the conſequence of peace and ſecurity. Now, dear Sir, you have traced all this premature reflection to its true and veritable ſource; and you will poſſibly call it parrotiſm; nay, what is more, and worſe, you will poſſibly not be far miſtaken.

Adieu!

Adieu! dear Sir.—Thank me for making you known to a mind worthy of your own; whoſe place you have in ſome degree ſupplied to

Your attached and grateful, &c. &c.

LETTER XXIV.

TO MISS R.

FORT AUGUSTUS, JUNE 31, 1773.

I HOPE you are now ſatisfied with my diligent and unwearied endeavours to amuſe you, and make you preſent here as much as poſſible.—I don't know as to the worth of the people.—They certainly take a great deal too much pleaſure in turning each other into ridicule;—one is greatly amuſed, but I don't know that we ought to indulge ſuch amuſement. I told you of the regiment,

ment, the ſtaff, &c. We have paid our viſit to the married Captain, which I did with fear and trembling;—a London bred lady,—a great fortune, and one whom the men call very *ſmart*, vulgar beings as they are! She was a terrification to me.—I put on my lilac, you may well believe, but neither that nor my new bonnet, inſpired me with ſufficient confidence.—I was much worſe than when I went to the governor's.—The young lady to whom I would fain have looked for a little companionſhip, intereſted but overawed me.—She preſided at the tea-table, ſurrounded by military beaux, who treated her with great reſpect, yet were at perfect eaſe, and gave and took raillery with a good grace.—She was polite, and that is all one expects at firſt; but I am ſure ſhe could not like me, if ſhe wiſhed it,—I was ſo awkward, and ſo very ſenſible of being awkward, and ſo afraid of being laughed at.—I envy much people whoſe ſpirits are kept

kept up by the hopes of admiration; mine are always kept down by the fear of ridicule.

"What's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?"

She and I are too far aſunder, though we were liker each other, to be intimate.—I will never intrude, or put myſelf in the way of being looked down upon.—I think ſhe looks better in a room than ſhe uſed to do in the ſtreet.—She has fine eyes, and is ſprightly.—I am determined not to care two-pence for thoſe people who juſt ſtay a year and go away.—One might as well ſquander affection on ſwallows and butterflies. I wiſh you ſaw how gay and pleaſing ſummer looks here now; but no one will admire it with me, and delight, as I do, in ſeeing nature unmaſked, and unfettered. I feel my mind riſe to a kind of melancholy greatneſs, when I contemplate theſe ſcenes, particularly by moonlight; but I think I ſhould rejoice *once more* if I met with one that

that taſted all this as I do.—I am ſeized with longings for you all that are very painful; nobody will care for me here, becauſe nobody will underſtand me.—I cannot blame them.—I am too ruſtic, too ſimple at leaſt, for people of the world, with whom manner is every thing; and though myſelf uneducated, I painfully feel I have too much refinement, too much delicacy for uninformed people, with whom I feel no point of union but ſimplicity.—'Tis pity there are no hermiteſſes; I ſhould juſt now like to be one.—All the ſpirit that diverted you in my deſcription of our garriſonians, is evaporated.—They are diverting originals, but their reſtleſſneſs and diſcontent provokes me.—Military people always ſpeak with pleaſure of the place where they have been, or where they are going, but never are ſatisfied where they are. One ſees them too near here.—They are generally well-bred, and entertaining, but often hard, and heartleſs at bottom,—and always arbitrary

in

in their families, when they have them. They rail conſtantly at this place, yet perhaps they will never be ſo happy when they leave it.—I would rather be a beetle under a ſtone, than a dragon fly, blown with every blaſt.—Good night,—I am peeviſh, but not at you, ſpirit of truth and gentleneſs!

" Meek nature's child, again adieu!"

LETTER XXV.

TO MISS O. (NOW MRS. F.)

FORT AUGUSTUS, MAY 24, 1774.

YOU ſee I have loſt no time in complying with your moſt agreeable propoſal. Yes, my beloved ſiſter, let us, ſolitary beings as we are, in our reſpective families, ſupply that endearing relation to each other. You have only anticipated me for the

thought was my own. Of courſe you had a right to it.—Kindred and united minds like ours ſhould ſurely maintain a cloſer intercourſe than we have hitherto had it in our power to do.—Our ſeparation has made us experience the mournful ſolitude of the heart, "the craving void left aching in the breaſt," occaſioned by the want of that luxury of affection, imagination, and intelligence, we have ſo long ſhared together.—The beautiful caves at Inchnacardach, the wild hanging gardens of Glendoe, and the echoing glen by the waterfall at Culachy, reſtore your image to my ſolitary muſings, only to make me feel your loſs the more.—Never will any one enjoy theſe ſcenes with me as you have done.—Never was the true, the genuine love of nature, ſo ſtrong in a perſon bred in the very midſt of that ſociety, moſt of all eſtranged from it.—Can you ever forget the ſweet ſummer evening, behind the great white roſe buſh, when we

firſt

firſt found each other out?—Sacred for ever be the hour to virtue and to friendſhip!—The ſmile of nature brightening every object round that enchanting garden;—The full ſonorous murmur of the Oich over its fantaſtic gravelly ſhores, and the thrumſies veſper hymn from thicket iſland ſo near, ſo inacceſſible, and ſo attractive, all opened and ſoothed our minds, and half an hour did as much as half an age would have done in any other place, opened our hearts, and made us know we were worthy to mingle them. Sure, if we have guardian angels, they muſt have ſmiled together on an union productive of ſuch innocent felicity,—may I not add uſeful improvement?—How ſadly I look at eight, on the glacis where we uſed to ſpend the full hour from that to nine, in convoying and reconvoying each other.—Theſe tender recollections are indeed "pleaſant yet mournful to the ſoul." I cannot complain much of ſolitude in the ſtrict ſenſe of the word; we are now be-

come acquainted with our neighbours all around, and ſee them often.—You know what a wide word neighbourhood is in this thin peopled country.—Beſide, we are all now tamed and ſoftened, and live on ſuch a good footing with each other, that we are *like young lambkins ſporting in a green meadow*, as your antiquated friend expreſſed it. ——I, never being uſed to ſee much company, particularly fine company, have nothing to complain of on that ſcore;—but O! my Nancy, aſk your own heart what pleaſure mine finds in the ſociety of common acquaintances, ſelfiſh, ſuperficial, and poſſibly deceitful.—C. M. ſtands a worthy exception to this general character, which you will eaſily perceive to be the drawing of chagrin. Yet her ſound underſtanding and ſteady attachment, though valuable in themſelves, cannot ſupply the place of the numberleſs, nameleſs, links by which our minds were connected, thoſe converſations where perfect freedom, without the leaſt

tincture

tincture of rude familiarity, unveiled the inmoſt thoughts of our hearts, which muſt be depraved and degenerated, before our mutual affection can be abated, far leſs extinguiſhed.—I know not where I am wandering, but I meant to tell you, that there are a thouſand things which occur in the courſe of my reading and obſervation, to delight and intereſt me, of which ſhe has no idea; for this ſhe is not to blame, but I am to be pitied.—Were it not for the correſpondence I keep up with you, and my dear Harriet, I would find this exile gloomy indeed.—Yet, though I feel unwilling to ſubmit to its wholeſome bitterneſs, my reaſon informs me that even this exile has its advantages, conſidered in one point of view. —Your penetration enabled you to diſcover in my mind, a ſtrange mixture of wild enthuſiaſm of imagination, with indolent tranquillity of temper.—The retired manner in which I have been brought up, equally remote from the refined artifice of

higher life, and the neceſſary activity and confined notions of the mob, have nouriſhed my peculiarities.—So has the little company I have kept; theſe were moſtly of the ſame primitive caſt, and lay under the ſame diſadvantages of being equally unfit for vulgar, and what the world calls elegant ſociety.—The mournful event to which you are no ſtranger, blaſting the flattering picture of felicity which my heart had too fondly indulged, fixed in my mind a caſt of penſive thought, which has been alternately ſuſtained by the tenderneſs of friendſhip, and the reveries of ſolitude; ſo that I am now neither fit for any other ſituation, nor deſirous of a change, leſt it ſhould prove

"A bitter change—ſeverer for ſevere."

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If heaven ſhould favour our ardent wiſhes of once more meeting, I hope the change will not be a diſadvantageous one.—I ſhould value

value your ſociety more than ever, now I know what it is to be deprived of that or any other ſuitable to my taſte.—Whatever change a neceſſary habit of prudence and reſerve may have made on my manners, you will find my heart the ſame, and we ſhall meet as if we parted yeſterday:—my ſoul forebodes that this meeting, and all we have ſeen ſince we parted, will only make us value each other the more.

Your *pair of ducks* is perfectly clear to the meaneſt capacity, for I fully comprehend it.

I wiſh we were once more together, with the privilege of teazing poor *Fungy*, by affecting learning, and miſ-pronouncing hard words. — What a dilemma his deſire of appearing gallant and well-bred, combining with his real hatred for the ſex, uſed to reduce him to!—He might have furniſhed a new character for a comedy.—Shall we never more hold him in chace, through the windings of the zig zag road,

where he uſed to pant before us like another Falſtaff, little knowing that we only wiſhed to frighten him.—I have often ſmiled by myſelf at the recollection of our induſtry in tormenting him, and never hear a hard word murdered, but what *a crowned cat in a nation of ideas* brings him into my head. —I was ſo much entertained by your lively and humorous deſcription of your place of reſidence and its inhabitants, that I could not reſiſt reading a part of it to my father, who was quite charmed with it, and, having taken his tour of duty through many parts of Ireland, is the better qualified to judge of the veriſimilitude of your deſcription. —Vanity has her votaries every where, but on the Hibernian ſhore, ſhe is more devoutly worſhipped than any ſaint of the country.—She holds the place there which pride does here. I don't know how to ſtrike the balance.—Vanity is in better humour, but pride tells fewer lies.—The firſt is more pleaſing, the latter ſafer.—May the

dominion

dominion of either be far from our peaceful boſoms.—I conclude this letter of declamation, by telling you it ſhall be directly followed by one of equal narration, giving you a brief hiſtory of this little epitome of the great world you are ranging through. Short may your eccentric courſe prove.—If I were a ſtar I ſhould like to be a fixed one.—Be you in the mean time my guiding planet, and ſhed ſweet influence on your unaltered friend.

LETTER XXVI.

TO MISS O.

FORT AUGUSTUS, MAY 26, 1774.

TO rejoin——I can the better comprehend your *pair of ducks*, as we have now in the garriſon a couple (not a pair) who are newly arrived from Ireland, and always

talk with fond regret of Dublin, as the centre of all their joys.—They have ſo much external and ſuperficial elegance, and ſo little of that refinement of ſentiment and manners which emanates from the heart, that I never ſee them without thinking of your new acquired friends.—They are natives of this country, and have a ſingular hiſtory.—

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They are fond of company without real hoſpitality, or the leaſt regard for their gueſts, whom they look upon as merely implements to kill time with.—They behave to each other with a kind of civility which ſeems rather a ſubſtitute for tenderneſs, than a proof of it.—There is a negative merit which muſt be allowed to thoſe well-bred people, who never offend or oblige you, but are ſatisfied with amuſing and being amuſed. — They are, perhaps, ſafer than people of mere virtue, who have quicker

quicker feelings and more earneſtneſs.—They have neither acrimony enough to feel quick diſguſt at vice and folly, nor benevolence to be delighted with the excellencies of God's creatures.—They neither love nor hate cordially, but juſt conſider people as cards to play with.—Now I can't endure to be a card, ſince I can't aſpire at being queen of hearts.—Yet if you knew how eagerly I ſet about gardening, and how ſtoutly I laboured at tranſplanting, you would be apt to call me queen of ſpades.—I have dwelt thus minutely on theſe characters, as I think them a ſample or counterparts of thoſe you daily meet with.—I am ſorry the general rage for diſſipation, and your indignant feelings at it, ſhould lead you to think your mind contracted;—

"I do not think my ſiſter ſo to ſeek
And ſo unprincipled in virtue's book,
And that calm peace which goodneſs boſoms ever,"

as to ſuffer the depravity which prevails

around her to produce any laſting ſentiment, but pity, which muſt indeed on ſome occaſions be mingled with contempt.—Whatever you ſay in a momentary heat, I am ſure your good ſenſe and kindly affections will preſerve you from a gloomy diſguſt at human nature, on account of the vice and abſurdity of individuals, to whoſe nature it belongs to ruſh into full diſplay, while the pious, the modeſt, and the good, ſerve God and their fellow-creatures in quiet obſcurity.

When we forſake the paths of nature and ſimplicity, in a reſtleſs purſuit of amuſement, vanity and oſtentation generally take the lead of all the paſſions.—That principle which leads the human mind ſo eagerly to deſire the approbation of its fellow-mortals, was certainly placed within us as a ſpur, not only to the deſire, but to the attainment of applauſe; and if people applauded only what was right, it might anſwer noble purpoſes.—But alas! when conſcious we

no

no longer deſerve eſteem, we graſp at admiration, and endeavour to conceal our wants of real happineſs and ſelf-enjoyment, under the veil of external gaiety and artificial mirth.—The gloſſy varniſh of politeneſs, which, like the ſkin of a ſnake, though bright and pleaſing to the view, is cold and ſlippery to the touch, we are taught to ſubſtitute for the lively glow and artleſs tenderneſs of true benevolence.—Be merciful even to the perverſion of hoſpitality.—Exceſs of good nature firſt makes them wretched, and then neceſſity makes them cunning.—To be truly and auſterely good among ſuch a "perverſe and crooked generation," requires the reſolution of a confeſſor at leaſt.—But you muſt at all events preſerve your charity, were it but to guard the purity of your own heart.

Occaſional ſolitude is a bleſſing which every well regulated mind would long for, if deprived of that privilege.—Remember what our favourite Young ſays of

"Our

"Our reaſon, guardian angel and our God."

I have a particular pleaſure in reading the pencil marked lines that we compared together. I wiſh we could read ſome more choſen books in that way, whenever we meet, as meet we ſhall, I truſt.—We might have the ſatisfaction of tracing the ſimilarity of our reſpective taſtes.—You deſire a hiſtory of the garriſon, but ſo bad a newſmonger and narrator am I, that unleſs I go through it *à la militaire* ſomewhat in the order of the muſter-roll, I ſhall loſe myſelf.—The *prime perſonage* then remains much as you left him; if any thing, he mends,—ſtays more at home, and is content to pry leſs.—But whether this be reformation or decline, this deponent ſaith not.—G.'s good nature and ſalt-water wit, continue to grow and proſper.—He will never want a butt while we have a ruler.—I have a notion I, too, furniſh one occaſionally; but it is wit without valour, for his is always an abſent butt.—I have one

way of keeping theſe gentry in order; I can ſee they dread my contempt. Now, next to being loved, the beſt thing is to be feared; and when people know you incapable of meanneſs and deceit, depend upon it, they will fear you.—Mrs. N. is ſtill the alternate prey of doubts and deſpondency.—You would pity her if you knew half what ſhe ſuffers.—Yet who can imagine it better than you, by what you ſaw your own mother ſuffer in the like ſituation. To be ſure Mrs. N.'s feelings are on no occaſion very lively,—yet, though we children of fancy ſuffer more than others, both have many conſolations.—Beſides the ſympathy of friendſhip, and the ardour of hope, we build the prettieſt caſtles imaginable, tenant them with courteous knights and virtuous dames, and then ſit, rent-free, in theſe airy dwellings.—Mrs. N. ſeldom hears of her huſband; he is priſoner ſomewhere on the frontier of Penſylvania. - - - - - - Now I hope I have made the whole garriſon known to you.—Our new ſurgeon is an original,

original, whom I would wiſh you to know, but I have not colours wherewith to paint him.—He was very ſtiff and pedantic, but that begins to wear off.—He is, I dare ſay, well principled; but though he has ſolid learning, I believe,—and very ſound ſenſe, I am ſure,—he has neither fancy nor feeling, and has the preſumption to laugh at ſentiment.—You may believe I grow very angry and attempt to be ſevere, and then he rallies me about morbid ſenſibility, as he calls it.—He is very provoking, and quite incorrigible.—I always tell him he will meet an Iphigenia ſomewhere.—Remember me reſpectfully to your father and mother, and kindly to every one you think has any kindneſs for me.—Adieu deareſt Nancy! only ſiſter—beloved friend.—— Farewell.

Tom cat is well, and lives in clover,
But Perry's harmleſs life is over:
To tell you that he died quite mad,
Will melt your heart, and make you ſad,
But when you know he ſleeps in peace,
Methinks your grief, like mine, ſhould ceaſe.

LETTER XXVII.

TO MISS O.

MARCH 10, 1775.

MY DEAREST,

YOURS came juſt in time to relieve my anxiety, and prevent me from abſolutely deſpairing of ever hearing more from you. —Need I tell you my uneaſineſs, or how I rejoiced on receiving another proof of your continued love?—My pleaſure changed too ſoon to melancholy, when I underſtood the dreadful dilemma you are all in about this American voyage, which impends too ſurely over you:—I had indeed heard that the 15th were under orders for America, but did not dream of Captain O——'s accompanying them; and I examined every newſpaper in hopes of finding his name changed, or ſold out.—How grieved and ſurprized was

was I to hear that he is in danger of being once more torn from the embraces of a family ſo dear to him, who have already ſpent ſo many tedious years in lamenting his abſence, and this to plunge into the moſt cruel and horrid of wars,—whoſe moſt deſirable event can be only that of ſucceſsfully devaſtating with bloodſhed and deſtruction, a country, late the moſt peaceful and happy on earth,—but never, never to be happy more, end this as it may.—The cup was too full to hold, yet I did not think it would be ſpilt thus rudely.—How dear muſt victory be bought with the lives of our fellow ſubjects and former friends.—But I will no longer torment myſelf or you, with giving vent to all the ſad reflections ariſing from this moſt painful ſubject.—Yet why were you not more diſtinct and particular?—Alas! I fear all our prayers and hopes for the deſired reconciliation, will prove fruitleſs.—The divine juſtice ſeems about to diſplay itſelf in taking ſignal

nal vengeance on the iniquities of the times. —The corruption of the parent ſtate which leads her to an inordinate enjoyment of thoſe advantages, which ſhe has in pre-eminence of all others, and her ungrateful neglect of the ſource of all thoſe bleſſings ſeems arrived at its height; and will be requited by the ingratitude of thoſe colonies which owe their exiſtence to her.—There was a time when ſuch a half-moral, half-political harangue from your friend would have made you laugh;—but now fatal neceſſity urges us to take more than a common ſhare in the public calamity—— calamity how heavy, and how general, when we, who, in the ſequeſtered vale of life, might be ſuppoſed exempted from any other ſhare than the tribute which humanity pays to the woes of humankind, are forced for thoſe deareſt to us to have our hearts wrung with anguiſh hitherto unknown!—I deeply ſympathize with your ſufferings, on account of the worthy captain's illneſs,

and

and that of your good mother.—Alas! my dear girl, we were ſiſters by ſentiment and inclination before, but now I may hail you as a ſiſter ſufferer.—You have met, or are likely to meet, with the train of ſorrows that have obſcured the morning of my youth.—Theſe I account ſalutary drops of bitterneſs thrown into my cup, leſt the tranquil eaſineſs of my temper, and that range of imagination which furniſhes me with a boundleſs ſtore of ideal pleaſures, ſhould raiſe my enjoyment of life beyond what is deſtined for this imperfect ſtate.—You will too feelingly trace the reſemblance which I allude to—the daily ſufferings and broken ſpirits of a beloved parent, burſting aſunder the tendereſt ties of affection, and hurrying me away, far—very far, from thoſe whoſe preſence was life and joy to me.—I hope you will not finiſh the reſemblance, by being forced to croſs the Atlantic with the ſame deſponding reluctance which hung upon the ſpririts of your friend on a ſimi-

lar

lar occaſion. Never ſhall I forget the emotion with which I ſaw the Cape of Neverſink melt into air, when I bade the laſt farewell to the dear loved coaſt of America, which I am now certain I ſhall never more behold.—My dear friends were beginning to be perſecuted for their loyalty, before we came away, for even then the ſtorm began to lour.—Poor loſt L——! his kingdom is not of this world, that is evident.—What a cruſh to the ſpirit of a young ſoldier, to be forced to forſake a profeſſion he was ſo attached to, at the very time that military merit had the faireſt chance for diſtinction and reward!—I wiſh you had given more particulars of his parting behaviour.—I am glad he ſpoke ſo plainly, becauſe it no doubt relieved his mind, and the aſſurance of your compaſſion and eſteem, which was all he could reaſonably hope, would be ſo conſoling to him.—You will think my expectations romantic as uſual, but ſtill I will hope our friend Henry has

embraced

embraced the only profeſſion he is fitted for.—The zealous fervour of his attachments, his glowing admiration of ſuperior excellence, and the ardour of his conceptions, will find adequate objects, where the affections of his heart, and ſervices of his future life, will, I truſt, be dedicated.—How happy thoſe whom the ſtorms of life drive ſo early to their beſt, their final harbour! —that abhorrence of vice which would be a continual ſource of vexation, in ſtruggling through the ſcenes of active life, will be very well ſuited to the duties of a paſtor; beſides the emphatic eloquence which makes every word of our poor friend ſo intereſting, will be peculiarly ſuited to the pulpit.—How many new things have I to tell you of? A new couſin, whom I am much pleaſed with.—He has learning, taſte, and underſtanding.—I find him in many reſpects very congenial with my diſpoſition. —Then we have got a new church, built by ſubſcription, mind, that it would do your

heart

heart good to ſee, and your ſoul good to hear ſermon in :—poor Mrs. Brown!—how much ſympathy ſhe claims.—My old play-fellow George is now doing penance at Boſton.—We have been quite animated all ſummer, with flocks of wild geeſe from your country.——Lament with me, for we have had another ſhip load of emigrants, marching of to their Chaldea, for ſuch I know it will appear to them.—I have a good mind to pray for a heart of ſtone.—Your old friend, the Hon. Capt. M-rr-y, commands the invalids here, and paſt the ſummer amongſt us.—He is more helpleſs than you ſaw him, but has ſtill equal ſpirits, and amiable manners. We often converſed about you, and he begs you may not forget him. Mr. G. left us laſt week to be ſettled in B. Our parting was—almoſt affecting - - - - - - - - - - he was proud of your notice and remembrance, and begs me to aſſure you of his cordial good wiſhes.

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Pray

Pray write immediately on receipt of this.—Stay at home one night from your Hibernian Ranelagh, and renounce noiſe and head-ache to gratify your friend.—Pray explain yourſelf about being ſick of elegance.—I don't remember teazing you about the word; but my out of the world education, and primitive notions, and almoſt ſavage ſimplicity of taſte, made yours ſeem to me to border on falſe refinement.—I triumph in your confeſſion, having always aſſured myſelf that your native ſenſibility and ripened judgment would lead you back to the paths of nature and of truth.—Then you will fully reliſh that chaſte and ſublime ſimplicity in ſtyle, in manners, and in ſentiment, which delights the untutored mind.—Your change of taſte will ſhew you many things you once thought eccentric in a very different light.—Tell the captain and his lady I rejoice in their kind remembrance of me, and ſhall never forget them.—Friend Henry too ſhall be

remem-

remembered with all his imperfections on his head.—Adieu!—I ſhall always be very tenderly your ſiſter and friend.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO MISS O.

FORT AUGUSTUS, FEB. 15, 1776.
(The month of our nativity.)

MY deareſt girl!—I moſt ſincerely forgive your perplexing and mortifying ſilence, and moſt willingly attribute the chaſm in our correſpondence to any other motive than indifference, altogether inconſiſtent as it is with the ſincerity and affection which form ſo great and diſtinguiſhing a part of your character.—But now that my forgiveneſs may be as ſincere as I know your penitence to be, let me, with my accuſtomed freedom, warn you of the conſequences of

indulging that unfriendly indolence, leſs pardonable in your active, lively diſpoſition, than in my eaſy and indolent one.—I have admired this vivacity without envy, and am therefore entitled to reap the fruits of it.—I was vain of your attainments, and always thought myſelf deficient of nothing which you poſſeſſed; it was enough for me that we had it between us.—This is digreſſion—but I reſume.—In the preſent unſettled habits of your life, there is nothing you ought to be ſo careful of as cheriſhing thoſe friendſhips which have given you ſo much pleaſure, and done you ſo much good in your earlier years; for indeed, as poor Pope ſaid when he was dying, and ſaw things as they are, "There is nothing worth living for but virtue and friendſhip;" and friendſhip is a part of virtue.—When the one withers the other will droop.—Friendſhip is the miſletoe growing on the oak of virtue.—I fancy when the Druids cut the miſletoe with golden ſickles, they had

had a kind of preſcience of the dear and cloſe ties that gold was deſtined in after ages to divide.—Seriouſly, if the friendſhips that have formed the delight and comfort of the earlier ſtage of life were once extinguiſhed in your breaſt, no later formed attachment would ever ſupply their loſs.—You will meet with many agreeable acquaintances in your *peregrinations*; nay, in the country where you are, you run a chance of being overwhelmed with civility by the one ſex, and compliment by the other, but wher ewill you find the playful innocence of ——the ſolid ſenſe and rational attachment of——or the ſincere and conſtant affection of her whom you have thus long neglected? —Yes, my dear ſiſter, in the beſt ſenſe of the word, ſiſter of my heart, and of my vowed affection, if you allow trivial motives to eſtrange you from your friends, as their remembrance cannot die in your heart, it will only live to torment you.—I could not endure to think of my friends when I could

no longer think of them with pleaſure.—Any thing may be endured but remorſe; 'tis the dreaded future puniſhment begun on earth.—Sweetly mournful is the recollection of thoſe with and for whom we have lived in tender confidence and unity.—Should they depart for ever, when we can look back blameleſs, in the midſt of our ſorrow, we are pleaſed with the conſciouſneſs that the ſacred approbation of virtue conſecrates the tender regret.—Tranſient intimacies will never fill the gloomy vacuity which extinguiſhed affections leave in the heart.—Vainly, if that were the caſe, would you endeavour to fill the chaſm in your mind with amuſements ending in ſatiety and diſguſt.—Now, in my turn, let me aſk pardon for theſe tranſgreſſions on your patience; be aſſured they are owing to the anxiety of a heart which, though fully convinced of your preſent regard, dreads few things ſo much as your future indifference. You would have gratified me by ſaying more

more about your new acquaintances and preſent employments. — What have you been doing? — Your worked gown unfiniſhed, all your friends neglected, and all this in a place ſo remote, and by your own deſcription unſocial! — What will become of you in the hurry and diſſipation of Dublin, if you contrive to be thus myſteriouſly engroſſed on the banks of the notorious Shannon, which one might ſuppoſe to be the choſen retreat of dullneſs? — Yet, when I think of it, it is not lead, but braſs, that people are ſaid to acquire by plunging in it. — Alas! for our poor unhappy brother! — how afflicting is your hiſtory, and yet how well we might foreſee what has happened.

" Curſe on his virtues, they've undone himſelf."

But what is virtue, or can it indeed exiſt without ſelf-command, and ſelf-denial? — What avails to poor Henry that he had no vicious propenſities, when he has contrived

trived his own ruin, and what is much worſe, rendered himſelf contemptible, by indulging inclinations tending to elegance and virtue, beyond all due bounds?—This it is to be a mother's darling, and to be Dr. Dod's pupil, and to ſkim the ſmooth ſurface of knowledge, and as Voltaire ſaid of Rouſſeau, "To talk of virtue and philoſophy, till nobody ſhall know what virtue and philoſophy is."

Deareſt Nancy, let this ſad example teach us, to go higher than eſſays and novels, for our divinity and morality.—Theſe muſt be gathered with labor, and are worth the labor of gathering.—Now ſpirit of Lycurgus, and ſoul of Leonidas, and ſhade of king Agis,—and all other Laconic powers!—aſſiſt me, to cram, and crowd, and cruſh together in a few pithy ſentences, the narration of domeſtic tranſactions.—Know then, that after the diſſolution and ſcatteration of laſt year's happy trio, another ſprung up in its room, of which

triangle

triangle I am the baſe,—as you right worthily were of the former. C. made one of the ſides, and you eaſily gueſs the other.—Well, for a time we rejoiced together with perfect harmony, being in ſuch an eaſy, ſauntering, playful humdrum way, that we all inſenſibly became more and more neceſſary to each other, becauſe in fact we ſaw no great motive to care for any one elſe.—However, this was too good to laſt. I found the thermometer riſing too high in a certain point. I thought it was being too like the world to ſee what was right in my friends' caſes only, and not practiſe it in my own, and ſo finally, I did what formerly I adviſed you to do,—and now, being very proud, we think it incumbent to be very ſulky.—But every nurſery maid knows that the beſt cure for ſulkineſs is juſt —to let it alone.—Adieu! my dear friend —tell thoſe that remember me, that I never forget any one I ever cared for.—I have a thouſand good wiſhes to ſend you which

this paper cannot hold.—Remember me—and ſet it in your tablets, or——my ghoſt will haunt you.

LETTER XXIX.

TO MISS O.

FORT AUGUSTUS, MAY 28, 1779.

ONCE more, my ever dear friend, I endeavour to recall to your remembrance your long forgotten - - - - - - - It was impoſſible I could ever forget, or ceaſe to love you, but the melancholy news of your late heavy loſs, which I heard by mere accident, awakened all my tenderneſs in the moſt painful manner.—While my heart bleeds at the anguiſh which now overwhelms yours, ſuch a reciprocation of fond endearment and grateful duty I have not witneſſed betwixt a parent and a child.—

That

That privation, which, in the common courſe of nature we muſt all look ſadly forward to, is peculiarly aggravated in your caſe, who have loſt a pleaſing companion and an eaſy and inſtructive friend in your moſt valuable parent.—There is nothing I have more earneſtly wiſhed than the privilege of weeping with you, and affording you all the melancholy comfort that can be derived from ſympathy, it being out of my power to repay you the mighty debt I owe, for all the happineſs and improvement I derived from your ſociety, by ſharing theſe dark hours with you.—I will not weary you with common place conſolations, well knowing that yours is not a common grief; but I will earneſtly entreat the Father of mercies to pour the balm of peace into your wounded ſpirit.—To ſuch a heart as yours, torn with a recent calamity of this nature, no earthly comfort can avail, none indeed but what is founded on a humble confidence in the divine ſource of all true con-

ſolation, to whoſe protection and ſupport I moſt earneſtly recommend you.—I have ſo far loſt ſight of you, that I knew not exactly how to direct this.—I ſhall incloſe it to Sir W. Montgomery, who I knew was once your agent, and muſt ſtill have ſome connexion with your tranſactions.—It will be an unſpeakable favour to me to hear of or from you.—Did you but know my preſent ſituation, you would be ſenſible that it is no common proof of affection to write to you on this day; I reſpect your ſorrows too much to mingle my affairs with them.—You muſt aſſure me too that your intereſt in me has not abated before I claim your attention.—Let me no longer remain in this painful ſuſpence about you, but tell me ſoon that you ſtill remember your unaltered, &c.

LETTER XXX.

TO MISS O.

FORT AUGUSTUS, JULY 15, 1779.

MY EVER DEAR N.

YOU have indeed fully made up for paſt ſeeming negligence; and, what I once thought was impoſſible, you have really got beyond me in attention and kindneſs.—Yet do not too ſoon over-value yourſelf, and diſtruſt me, on the ſtrength of this great effort. I refer you to my paſt punctuality, and hope to convince you further by future ſteadineſs.—Without preamble, or circum-round-about, I will ſatisfy the anxiety you expreſs about the hints in my laſt. - - - - - - - Know then, I was then engaged in preparations for an event, to me very important, which took place the following

day. 'Tis very odd that our letters, containing intelligence ſo intereſting, ſhould have thus croſt each other. I am no longer my own, but yet I will always be your's. I have not formed a connection that will chill my affections, or contract my heart. I ſhare all your ſorrows, as you recite them, and ſtill am moſt uneaſy at the effect which your too-acute feelings muſt have on a conſtitution ſo delicate as your's. But you have a weighty duty ſtill demanding your attention. You will find comfort for yourſelf, in adminiſtering it to your remaining parent. The ſublime and ſolid conſolations, which true religion and right reaſon afford, are all your own; and, though well aſſured that there is indeed,

" No pang like that of boſom torn
From boſom, bleeding o'er the ſacred dead,"

yet, I truſt, thoſe ſacred truths which claimed ſo much of your attention, in your gayeſt and moſt proſperous days, will

ſupport

ſupport you in your heavieſt hours.—It remains now to tell you to whom I have made the greateſt of all poſſible ſacrifices.

It is a to reverend acquaintance of yours, whoſe name you will find at the concluſion of this. The change, ſo important to me, happened in the end of May laſt. After ſtaying two months at the fort, and wandering many hours every day through our old delightful haunts, "to talk the flowing heart," and compare paſt conjectures and meditations, we have, at length, taken up our reſidence in the paſtor's cottage, which is literally paſtoral.—Here we have ſince continued, not enjoying the ideal felicity of romances, but that rational and attainable degree of happineſs, which is derived from a ſincere and tender mutual eſteem, health, tranquillity, and a humble and grateful conſciouſneſs of being placed in a ſituation equally remote from the cares of poverty, and the ſnares of wealth; from pinching want, and languid, unenjoyed ſuperfluity.

You

You know, of old, my notions of matrimony, and how meanly I thought of the uſual degree of happineſs enjoyed by thoſe who enter into willing ſubjection. This has proved an advantage to me, as I had no ſanguine expectations to be diſappointed; and, contrary to what I ſuppoſe is experienced by moſt people in ſimilar circumſtances, find more of the complacency and attention of a lover, in the huſband, than ever I expected.—We were, indeed, much miſtaken in the character of our friend: he has neither the indifference nor the tranquillity we gave him credit for.—Wrapt up in his natural reſerve, and a reſtraint ariſing from ſome very particular circumſtances, he baffled our penetration.—Would you think it? He is generous, impetuous, and acute in all his feelings. His delicacy is extreme; and he has as nice and jealous a ſenſe of honour as any Spaniard whatever. - - - - - - - -

I once more cordially thank you for your

laſt

laſt kind letter, which, by the bye, does not ſatisfy me as to what you are about, and whether you think to remain in Ireland.—I confeſs myſelf ſurpriſed at your ſtaying there ſo long. Mr. G. begs to be cordially remembered to you. Offer my affectionate reſpects to your good mother; and believe me ever moſt truly, moſt kindly,

Yours.

LETTER XXXI.

TO MISS O.

LAGGAN, FEBRUARY, 5, 1791.

MY EVER DEAR FRIEND,

I OWN it.—Our correſpondence did, for a while, languiſh on my ſide; but what has not this interruption coſt me! and how various and painful were the cauſes of it!

I have

I have written, and inquired, again and again, without ſucceſs. I ſhall, however, make this laſt effort to diſcover whether my deareſt —— is ſtill a fellow-traveller through this vale of ſhadows;—or, whether I am to conſider her as one of thoſe ſeparated ſpirits, whom tremulous hope and fond imagination flatter us with recognizing, at ſome future period, in holier, happier regions;—for I will not, cannot ſuppoſe you capable of neglecting, ſlighting, or even forgetting me.

Had my laſt letter reached you, I am certain you would have anſwered it.—Even my unavailing friendſhip was worth gratitude, becauſe it was very warm and very true, and pure from every ſelfiſh motive, except the vanity of being eſteemed by a perſon of ſuperior merit, which was certainly very pardonable. However, as you are a human creature, and, as ſuch, liable to change, I ſhall admit the bare poſſibility of your having received and neglected

neglected my letter; and ſhall, therefore, ſuſpend giving any account of my concerns till I have it under your hand, that you are deſirous to hear of them.

I will not regale you with an account of the fine children, which it has pleaſed God to beſtow on me; of the ſtill finer ones whom he has thought fit to reſume to Himſelf, or of the tranquillity and comparative happineſs I have enjoyed ſince I ſaw you;—no, nor of the health and proſperity of my parents, or the great and wonderful viciſſitudes that have happened in the circle of our acquaintance. I muſt not only be deſired, but intreated, before I make any of theſe communications. I will tell you, however, that nothing ſhall ever abate that tender regard, which I ſhall carry to my grave for you.—Mr. G. who is your great admirer, longs alſo to hear of you. Don't mind poſtage; mind only what you owe on the ſcore of friendſhip to your unaltered.

LETTER XXXII.

TO MISS O.

LAGGAN, MARCH 27, 1791.

MY DEAREST N.

THE ſight of your well-kown dear-loved hand filled my heart with a pleaſure to which I knew nothing comparable,—unleſs what the woman of Zarepta might have felt, on receiving her lamented ſon alive from the hands of the prophet.—Alas! I have a ſad reaſon for too deeply feeling the force of that alluſion; but I will not cloud our firſt meeting with a detail of ſorrows;—as little will I take up your time with a tedious recital of the ways and means I have uſed to hear of you. - - - - - - - - - - - - - I had not Mr. N.'s addreſs, but endeavoured to point him

him out by the circumſtances of his being F.R.S. and having held a place at court. By your having formerly taught me to addreſs you under Lord Kinſale's cover, I was led to diſcover you in the manner which has proved ſo gratifying to us both. May my benedictions reſt and remain with this good Lord.—I wiſh it were as honourable to him, as the privilege of wearing his hat where he pleaſes. Why ſhould I tell you why I was ſo much concerned and afflicted at the melancholy detail of what you have loſt, and what you have ſuffered?

I can but too eaſily conceive what you muſt have felt at the final parting with your worthy parents.—You all lived ſo much, and ſo entirely with each other, and loved each other ſo *excluſively*, as well as tenderly. You can better judge why Young was ſo great a favourite with me, now that you know by ſad experience,

" There

"There is no pang like that of boſom torn
From boſom, bleeding o'er the ſacred dead."

The depredations which fraud and villainy have made on your little ſtore, I ſincerely regret. Yet, when I conſider that your mind was always ſuperior to trappings and tinſel, and that ſorrow and ſickneſs muſt have long ſince diſſolved the charm that attaches us to the mere exterior forms of life; when I conſider too that you appear to have gathered - - - - - from the wreck of your father's property, and that you are now cheriſhed in the tender boſom of friendſhip and true ſympathy; I would fain hope, your pecuniary reſources are equal to your wants, though not to your ſpirits and paſt expectations.—At worſt, you can purchaſe an annuity - - - - - - - - - I muſt go lightly over paſt tranſactions. My next will be under cover to —— who is a Corniſh member, and having, contrived, like Orpheus, by the power of his lyre,

lyre, to build a houſe in this country, is our neighbour and acquaintance. I hope the muſical manes of the ſaid Orpheus will forgive my blunder, in imputing to him what was done by Amphion, who, on better recollection, built the Theban walls;—and, though I know you dearly love a little hit at me, I hope you will have ſo much reſpect for my claſſical recollections, as to reſiſt the temptation of comparing me to one of thoſe ſavages who danced to the ſaid plaſtic ſtrains: I lye the more open to this from my ſingular delight in long-deſcended ſong - - - - - - - I am reſolved, like Dogberry, to beſtow all my tedioufneſs upon you.—Receive, mean time, an abridged, but faithful deſcription of the preſent ſtate of my family and affairs.

We live on the banks of the Spey (would, for your ſake, it were the Tweed). Mr. G. poſſeſſes, one way or other, an income of - - - - -. We occupy a comfortable cottage, conſiſting of four rooms, light

light cloſets, and a nurſery, and kitchen built out by way of addition. It is ſituated in a ſouth aſpect, at the foot of an arable hill, behind which ſtretches an extenſive moſs, once a foreſt, and ſtill abounding in fuel, which is ſurmounted by a lofty mountain, the top of which is often loſt in the clouds, while its boſom, hollow and verdant, is a reſervoir of copious ſprings, and abounds in early paſturage, and berries peculiar to theſe regions. Our little domain, to which the church-lands are added, ſtretches about a quarter of a mile through a meadowy, I might well add, flowery valley; through which the river turns and returns again like the links of Forth, which its waters far excel in purity.—At the end of the houſe is a brook, (which often reminds me of Franky's purling brooks,) for it purls abundantly through ſummer, babbles in harveſt, and brawls, like a termagant, all winter.—In the meadows below it aſſumes a new character, and winds in a deep chan-

nel through richly decorated banks, with a murmur ſo dulcet, ſo ſoftly plaintive, that one is almoſt tempted to aſk what ails it. I ſhould have told you, that, at one end of our cottage, is a garden, in which we have planted a variety of trees, and where ſmall fruit abounds. At our door is a ſtone porch with ſeats; this rural portico is ſo covered with honey ſuckle, that you would take it for a bower; we have a little green court incloſed before, which, in fine weather, forms a ſupplement to the nurſery.—I ſhould have begun by telling you, that we hold a farm at a very eaſy rent, which ſupports a dozen milk cows, and a couple of hundred ſheep, with a range of ſummer paſture on the mountains for our young ſtock, horſes, &c. This farm ſupplies us with every thing *abſolutely* neceſſary; even the wool and flax, which our handmaids manufacture to clothe the children are our own growth. But it is time to introduce you within doors, where you will find the

maſter

maſter of the dwelling in the midſt of the circle he moſt delights in, and in that home where he appears to moſt advantage; becauſe his hoſpitality and warmth of heart, here ſhine through that cloud of reſerve and diffidence, which conceals him every where elſe. Singularly domeſtic, a fond huſband, and tenderly indulgent father, he delights in his children from their birth, without nurſing them like an old woman;—judicious and attentive in what regards out-door management, but totally unconcerned as to what paſſes within, conſidering, like a true highlander, houſehold affairs as entirely the female province; and the duties of his ſacred function as the only object beyond his family deſerving of ſerious regard.—Next, his mate, very little altered in ſentiment and principle ſince you ſaw her, yet having the wings of romantic elevation ſomewhat clipt by increaſing years and cares; and the fervour of enthuſiaſm a little abated, with that matronly caſt

caſt of manners, which the conſtant exer-ciſe of authority, mingled with affection, naturally produces.

You will not think my taſte improved when I tell you, 'tis, if poſſible, more primitive than ever; and that all my paſtoral, popular, and American prejudices have "grown with my growth, and ſtrengthened with my ſtrength."—How will all this agree with your "prejudice againſt prejudices?"—But we ſhall agree in the long run, as we ever did.—Our minds, indeed, muſt have had a ſtrong prediſpoſition to unite, when they ſurmounted ſo many differences in what, with common minds, is every thing, early habits and education. My children I ſhall characterize at more leiſure.—At preſent I ſhall only ſay,—the firſt is ſaid to be like her mother, the ſecond like her father, and the third like—an ewe-lamb. Now, to form a more preciſe idea, you muſt conſider theſe reſemblances, as not only literal, but

 character-

characteriſtic of my ſons.—C—. and Petrina are twins, a perfect contraſt, one being dark-haired, quick and lively, the other fair, ſoft, and delicate. - - - - - - - Here is the family-piece drawn, and the landſcape; I have not yet ſhaded my drawing, but I ſhall throw in the ſhades in my next.—I had more ſons—but, Heaven has reſumed its own, and I ought ſilently to bow to its decrees. Expect in my next the eventful hiſtory of our friends at Fort A. moſt of whom have already ſet out before us, to explore the wide ocean of eternity. Briefly adieu!

LETTER XXXIII.

LAGGAN, JUNE 4, 1791.

MY dear friend! what a hiſtory would it make, were I to relate all the little family occur-

occurrences, which, in rapid ſucceſſion, have hurried on the time ſince I wrote my laſt.—I carried down my ſecond daughter, who had a threatening illneſs, to my father's for ſea air. You can't think how the good old people rejoiced to hear that I had found you again:—their lively feeling on this occaſion delighted me. I love to ſee the evening of life warmed by the gentle flame of kindly affections. Of all the evils that wait on the decline of life, there is none I ſhrink from ſo much as that chilling torpor of the ſoul, which contributes more than all our infirmities to make old age unlovely. When I came in a little open machine we keep for theſe journies, I returned home through the country, where Mr. G.'s relations live, and went through a haſty courſe of viſitation.—He came down ſome miles to meet me, and preſented your letter, which I ſnatched with avidity, and read over with delight.—I ſhall defer the mentioning of its contents,

till I go through my promiſed narrative. For ſome years after you went away, my letters furniſhed you with an unbroken ſeries, of which take this ſuccinct and pithy ſequel.

* * * * * * *

I had been all this while projecting a viſit to Glaſgow, but had deferred it from time to time, out of ſympathy for Mrs. N. who hoped for her lord's return, and would feel moſt forlorn without me; but the marriage in the family, and the crowd of company which ſucceeded, leaving her no room to complain of ſolitude, I went ſouthwards, where my viſit, only meant for a month, was drawn out to near a year, which was moſt agreeably ſpent.—I look back upon it, indeed, as one of the moſt pleaſing periods of my life; not being ſpent in a perpetual flutter of idle viſits, but in confirming and ſtrengthening the friendſhips of my earlier years, and making new and valuable additions to them, which

have been ever ſince a ſource of great comforts and pleaſure to me. Leaving the excellent family, with whom I ſpent this year of felicity, I returned home through Perth, where I had the high gratification of meeting ſome diſtant relations of my own, who were people of diſtinguiſhed merit, and whoſe taſte and manners were ſo ſuited to my own, that my heart adopted them to a nearer connection than thoſe diſtant ties can form.—Thoſe lovely ſiſters, who lived in this world with all their views directed to another, and, meekly ſheltered in the ſhade of retirement, qualities entitled to univerſal eſteem and admiration, lived only long enough to prove that they could fulfil every duty, and grace every department of life. In the bloom of youth, tenderly beloved by the worthieſt of huſbands,—bleſt with every thing their regulated and modeſt wiſhes could aſpire to, they obeyed the irreſiſtible ſummons. The youngeſt, who

was the moſt beautiful, departed in her twenty-ſecond year, in the high triumphs of faith, taking not only a ſerene but joyful leave of friends, whom ſhe loved with unuſual tenderneſs. Her ſiſter, in whoſe arms ſhe died, was immediately ſeized with the ſame diſorder, and met death with the ſame well-grounded heroiſm.

"Sure to bliſsful realms thoſe ſouls are flown,
That never flatter'd, cenſur'd, envied, ſtrove."

My dear, you will excuſe this diſgreſſive tribute to departed excellence. What havoc has been lately made in the little circle of thoſe I loved!—

"Yes, even here, amidſt theſe ſecret ſhades,
The ſimple ſcenes of unreproved delight,
Affliction's iron hand my breaſt invades,
And death's dread dart is ever in my ſight.

Indeed my meditations hover ſo conſtantly about the confines of the world unknown, where my aching eyes are continually exploring the departing footſteps of thoſe who

who ſtill live in my remembrance, that I now ſee this world and all its vanities, as the apoſtle ſays we do futurity,—" through a glaſs darkly." Theſe frequent excurſions of the mind into the trackleſs ocean of vaſt eternity, contribute not a little to throw a dim ſhade over every thing that dazzles and attracts, in this valley of viſion. —Unwillingly muſt I return to my F. A. narrative, though no motive leſs potent than a deſire to gratify you, would induce me to retrace ſuch a ſeries of crime, folly, and misfortune. Hear then, and be, if not amuſed, at leaſt inſtructed. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - We three all fled at once our ſeveral ways, and left the demons of diſcord and deceit to rule their votaries; none of us would have liked to have outſtayed the other. My year's reſidence in Clydeſdale had revived and cheriſhed the love of peace, virtue, and decorum in my heart.—The diſorders of that moſt beautiful, but moſt unhappy

place F. A. had ſhewn me vice and folly in their uglieſt aſpect.—Judge then, whether, in the midſt of tranquillity, mutual affection, domeſtic harmony, and the eſteem and good-will of a decent neighbourhood, I did not enjoy my ſituation without repining after languid idleneſs, inſipid chit-chat, artificial wants, poor attempts at finery, and all the mortifications which reſult from the feeble efforts of inferior people, to graſp that fleeting phantom, *ton*.—I am a wretched narrator, and miſerable chronologer; I write fluently from my heart, but very lamely from my memory. Two marriages, however, not of the number ſaid to be made in heaven, I will detail, and let Deſdemona heedfully attend, for 'tis no ſmall plague to me to rake up my recollections.

* * * * * * *

My father removed to Fort G. ſome years ago, where he lives very happily, and derives much pleaſure from his grand-children.

children.—Different friends from Glaſgow and Edinburgh have viſited us in this retreat. By the death of my third ſon, a charming infant who lived not many days, I was convinced of what I could not have eaſily believed, that the death of ſuch an infant could produce ſevere feelings of ſorrow for the time; a thing both ſinful and unaccountable. I had however another ſon remaining, in whom all my delight was centered, and who was, indeed, every way an extraordinary child,—ſpoke, walk'd, and ſhewed tokens of ſenſibility and underſtanding long before the uſual period.—Strong, robuſt, and manly, we looked on him as the future pillar of our family; and never dreaded that ſtroke which we bore ſo ill when it came. In the fatal May of 1789 our children were ſeized with the meaſles, and had it favourably, all but the darling and pride of our hearts; who being ſeized at the ſame time with a worm-fever, which we were not

aware of, and knew not how to manage, made his eſcape from the troubles of life, and left us overwhelmed with the moſt ſinful and extravagant ſorrow.—But you are no novice in diſtreſs, and I will not awaken your griefs, by opening afreſh the wounds of mine. My conſtitution, enfeebled by the rapid increaſe of my family, was greatly impaired by this ſhock, but I have had better health ſince the birth of my twins, who, I hope will continue to be the youngeſt. My ſpirits are pretty equal, though that ſad event has added to my habits of muſing.

The ſoil here is very rich, though the climate is cold and gloomy. I am very fond of the lower claſs of people; they have ſentiment, ſerious habits, and a kind of natural courteſy; in ſhort, they are not mob, an animal which Smollet moſt emphatically ſays he deteſts in its head, midriff, and members; and, in this point, I do not greatly differ with him.—You would

would wonder how many of the genteeler claſs live here. They are not rich to be ſure; ſo much the better for us;

"Where no contiguous palace rears its head,
To ſhame the meanneſs of the humble ſhed,"

people do very well, and keep each other in countenance.—They have been moſtly in the army, are ſocially and kindly diſpoſed, and have more both of ſpirit and good-breeding than is uſually met with in people of their pitch; and, as for an inclination to gaiety and hoſpitality, you may judge of them by what you have ſeen among your quondam neighbours.—If they have foibles, why ſhould I expatiate on them? They have treated us with uniform kindneſs and civility, and ſhewn us as much friendſhip as, in their idea, becomes them, to ſuch as are not kindred, the ſole meaſure of affection here. I ſhall quit the ungrateful topic of cenſure with obſerving that, after all, they have more

dignity in their pride, and leſs abſurdity in their vanity, than your Hibernian friends, for whom too I ſtill retain a ſneaking kindneſs, after all: but indeed I ſaw an excellent ſample of them.

I have made a great acquiſition of late; a fine young creature, a relation of Mr. G.'s, who is under his protection, and paſſes the winter with her friends in town, and the reſt of the year here.—At more leiſure I will tell you her ſtory, but am now as ſick of narrative as I have made you. Mr. G. has been at Edinburgh attending the General Aſſembly, which anſwers to your poor, dead, or rather dumb convocation.—I meet him next week at Lord Bredalbane's ſeat, where he is to come with ſome of my Glaſgow friends.

When I hear from you again I ſhall acquaint you with the reſult, and give my ideas coolly and diſtinctly on the ſubject of your letter, and your preſent mode of living.—I can now only congratulate you

on

on enjoying the ſociety of your L—, to whoſe ſuperior mind yours muſt be a higher gratification than any that wealth can procure. What indeed can wealth procure that the vulgareſt wretch may not equally taſte and enjoy, except that firſt of intellectual joys, which wealth ſo rarely attains, the ſociety of an elegant mind, purified by virtue, and endeared by friendſhip. I long to hear of your croſſing the mountains on a goat, and how Wales agrees with you. I ſhall mark the geographical bearing of my dwelling minutely in my next.—We live above fifty miles from both Inverneſs and Perth, which are the neareſt towns; yet, in ſpite of diſtance and obſcurity, my ſworn foe, the *ton*, purſues, overtakes, and ſurrounds me. Don't wait a frank; one who deſpiſes all other luxuries as I do, may well claim this ſingle indulgence.—Adieu! beloved.

I am yours unalterably.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO MISS O.

LAGGAN, SEPT. 3, 1791.

NEVER did a cordial come more opportunely to a poor creature fainting with weakneſs, than my deareſt N.'s kind letter, to ſoothe my agonizing heart, and divert, for a little, my attention from one ſad object, which fixes and engroſſes it, in ſpite of my prayers and endeavours. Petrina, my lovely Petrina, the ſweet image of my dear lamented Peter, is no more.—This is a wound very near the heart, and yet I muſt own the juſtice of it. I had a darling before, on whoſe animated and ſenſible countenance I gazed with unbounded rapture, and whom I always regarded with unwarrantable partiality.—Yet I might

I might well have judged from his diſſimilarity to ourſelves, and the reſt of the family, that he would not remain with us.—After having dazzled and charmed us for four years and a few months, he returned to him from whom he came, leaving us overwhelmed with exceſſive and ſinful anguiſh.——About a year after his death thoſe twins were born.—The eldeſt I inſtantly recognized to be the exact reſemblance of my ſweet boy, whoſe memory is twiſted with the fibres of my heart.—As ſhe grew older, her vivacity, her open, generous temper, her robuſt appearance and quick growth, every thing renewed him to us, as well as the expreſſive and animated countenance that ſeized the eye of every ſtranger, and the heart of every one of the family.—Indeed ſhe was too lovely, and till a week before her death, was the very picture of health and vigour.—What a profuſion of love was heaped upon her during the period of her ſhort life!—Her brothers

and

and ſiſters, her father, all doated upon her. But her heavenly Father has now vindicated his right, and puniſhed our preſumptuous partiality. — When I am abler, I ſhall tax your patience with a recital of the aggravating circumſtance of her death.—I can now only tell you, that on Sunday, the 12th, ſhe made her way, through the keeneſt agonies, to everlaſting felicity.

"Ye that e'er loſt an angel, pity me."

Never child gave ſo little trouble and ſo much pleaſure to parents.—I well know how rich I am in remaining bleſſings, and how both reaſon and religion forbid repining, becauſe he who has beſtowed ſo many good gifts, ſees fit in his own manner to reſume them. — When the prayers I daily offer have the deſired effect, I may bow patiently to the divine decree; but now, my deareſt friend, a cup can only hold its fill, and mine is filled to the very brim. —Were all my earthly comforts removed, I could only grieve, as I do now, as much

as

as my nature can ſuſtain, though I might mourn longer and more excuſably.—Farewell.—Be charitable, for you do not know how you could bear this.

LETTER XXXV.

TO MISS O.

LAGGAN, SEPT. 8, 1791.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

MY laſt ſombre epiſtle has, by this time, reached you, and awakened all your ſympathy.—It affords a ray of comfort to me at this diſtance, to think you feel with, and for me.—Thoſe who are immerſed, as moſt people around you are, in eager purſuits of pleaſure and ambition, can have no idea of diſtreſs like mine.—They have not the ſimplicity of taſte which enjoys and feels the attractive charm of infant innocence.—Can thoſe

thoſe who graſp at a thouſand ſhadows which render the mind both callous and faſtidious, by their emptineſs and variety,—contemplate with ſtedfaſt gaze and ever new delight, the dawning of ſenſibility, the unfolding blooms of intelligence and affection?—It is in the ſhady vales, the obſcure retreats of life, far from the noiſe of turbulent paſſions, and the parade of ſplendid vanities, that the ſoft and kindly affections root deep, and flouriſh fair.—There all the pleaſures they afford, are taſted in perfection;—but it is there, when theſe tender ties are broken, that anguiſh is moſt pungent.—The twin ſiſter of my Petrina has been very unwell. I regarded her danger with compoſure, that excited my own wonder.—Perhaps like Burns

"With firm, reſolved, deſpairing eye,
I view each aimed dart,
Since one has cut my deareſt tie,
And quivers in my heart."

O may I be forgiven for theſe effuſions of

of deſpondency, and enabled to fix my thoughts on that aweful day when I fondly hope to recognize my children among the bleſſed heirs of immortality.—Oh! if this hope be ſinful, I am indeed a great ſinner; it feeds my imagination, and cheriſhes my heart, and at intervals, ſoothes my woe-worn ſpirits into a ſublime tranquillity.—Sure we ſhall not forget our fellow-travellers in this vale of mortality in the bright regions of bleſt futurity.—We cannot retain a partial recollection of paſt events, that is, we cannot ſeparate the retroſpection of them, from the remembrance of thoſe who have enjoyed and ſuffered with us in this tranſient ſtate of probation.—How can we remember the numberleſs mercies received, the many dangers eſcaped, and temptations reſiſted, which will furniſh themes for praiſe, at leaſt during our noviciate in bliſs?—How, I ſay, can we remember theſe, without calling back thoſe who were our aſſociates in ſuffering, thoſe

who

who lived in our boſoms, and were to us the objects of an innocent and pure affection, ſuch as helps to preſerve us from the contagion of the world, and keeps the heart warm, and open to the beſt impreſſions?—

" Turn, hopeleſs thought, turn from her."

Mean, obſcure, and dull as every thing muſt appear to you here, I have ſo made up my mind, and ſo forewarned and fore-armed you, that I look forward to next May, as the time that is to relieve my mind of its burden.—I am in no pain about finding out a tolerable companion for you.—I ſhall ſet enquirers on foot very early, and will engage that you ſhall not find yourſelf a ſtranger here.—At any rate you ſhall not ſojourn without benefit of clergy.—As for your *Cloten*, I can only ſay, 'tis ſtrange—

" A woman that bears all down with her brais,
Should yield the world this aſs."

* * * * * * *

You

You well remember a time when the *amor patriæ* burnt with uncommon and imprudent ardour in the breaſt of your friend.—Now, though I uſed to fight "tooth and nail" for Scotland, I had not then reflection enough to diſcriminate in my defenſive operations:—that there were two or three cauſes equally dear to me, blended with my defence of mother Meg, virtuous and dignified poverty, elegance of ſentiment that lives in the heart and conduct, and ſubſiſts independent of local and tranſitory modes, a degree of amiable ſimplicity among the middle ranks of life, and of modeſt decorum, reſulting from pious impreſſions in the lower, not often to be met with in that claſs.—For the eaſe of our ſocial intercourſe, and our general good will towards ſtrangers, we are certainly indebted to our former connection with France.—Our national pride and poverty, ſo well known, and ſo generally ſtigmatized, is, notwithſtanding of great advantage to us.—From

the

the one we derive a certain dignity, which, when joined with our ordinary ſenſe of integrity, preſerves us from mean and unworthy actions.—Our poverty again produces frugality and temperance, for which, I hear you obſerve, we are not much to be thanked.—Obſerve the inference.

* * * * * * *

Clanſhip doubtleſs narrows the affections, and produces many abſurd and unpleaſing aſſociations; yet it is better to love forty or fifty people warmly and excluſively on abſurd grounds, than to love nobody at all, and then pretend to love all the world (that does not care a ſtraw for you), as the Pariſian philoſophers do, on whom the demons of ſcepticiſm and diſcord will ſoon viſit all the miſchiefs they are doing, and the far greater miſchiefs they occaſion.—My poor dear Odyſſey tells a fine ſtory of Eolus having the winds in a bag, and what havoc followed when they were unſkilfully let out.—Now I think popular writers

poſſeſs

poſſeſs bags in which thoſe winds are contained that blow the embers of diſcontent into flames of deſtruction.—What a dreadful account is to be made for the uſe of power ſo unlimited!—No deſpotiſm is like that practiſed by the rulers of opinion; but I believe it is become cuſtomary to have no ſettled opinion, but keep the mind open for the reception of experimental whimſies.—I feel the water deeper every moment, and will return to avoid drowning.—Shallow ſtreams are ſafeſt, therefore I bid you heartily,

Farewell.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO MISS O.

LAGGAN, OCT. 14, 1791.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU may believe I received with very great pleaſure, an aſſurance of what before I greatly doubted, that you will once more breathe the pure mountain-gales, impregnated with wholeſome heath, and diffuſive of the ſpirit of wholeſome poverty; the train of rigid, ſinewy, and hard featured virtues ſuperadded.—You ſee, notwithſtanding your good humoured irony, the hypotheſis of ſituation continues to be a favorite one with me, and I deſpair not of making you, on rational grounds, a proſelyte to my opinion.—When France was the land of wit and refinement, if not of wiſdom,

wiſdom, it was a maxim of one of its beſt authors, that we are all in ſome degree, *les animaux d' habitude*, that in ſhort, forms of life tincture our virtues with their peculiar dye, and not only often produce, but in ſome meaſure excuſe and palliate our vices.—This is no flattering hypotheſis for me.—It always humbles me in my own eyes, by reminding me that from the examples I have ſeen, from the pure precepts, and ſafe obſcurity under the influence of which I was educated, far from all that corrupts the heart and dazzles the imagination —I ſay when I reflect on all theſe collateral aids to the propenſities of a warm heart, in which the ſeeds of truth were early ſown, I muſt in common honeſty diſclaim your compliments.—So circumſtanced, I muſt have been a monſter of depravity, had I acted through life with leſs practical reverence for virtue than I have done. Though I have all the abhorrence of vice natural to a perſon of ſtrong feeling, living much out

of its reach;—yet, when I ſee, as it often happens, ſtrong flaſhes of generoſity, probity, and humanity, breaking through the gloom of mental ſloth and ignorance, and caſting a tranſient luſtre over characters, debaſed by habitual vices, which too early intercourſe with a bad world have produced, —my heart melts to think how amiable thoſe might have been, had they gone out into the world, fortified with good principles and acquainted with ſublimer pleaſures, than the world has to beſtow. - - - - - -

Now here are two marked inſtances of virtues ſo modified, that have had no ſmall influence on your own mind.—I ſee you have greatly miſtaken my political creed, which is borrowed from a much ſounder judgment than my own, and much nearer your own than you are aware of.—The only real grievance Scotland labours under, originates with landholders;—perhaps, more remotely, in commerce; ſince the tide of wealth which commerce has poured into the

the northern part of the iſland has led our trading people to contend with our gentry in all the exterior elegancies of life.—The latter ſeem ſtung with a jealous ſolicitude to preſerve their wonted aſcendency over their new rivals.—This pre-eminence can only be kept up by heightening at all hazards their lands. Thus the ancient adherents of their families are diſplaced. Theſe having been accuſtomed to a life of devotion, ſimplicity, and frugality, and being bred to endure hunger, fatigue, and hardſhip, while following their cattle over the mountains, or navigating the ſtormy ſeas that ſurround their iſlands, form the beſt reſource of the ſtate, when difficulties, ſuch as the inhabitants of a happier region are ſtrangers to, muſt be encountered for its ſervice. When we conſider this world as merely a paſſing ſcene, at the concluſion of which the queſtion will not be, who has ſupported the moſt conſequential character, but who has acted beſt the part allotted, we muſt look upon

that as the beſt deſtination, which affords the wideſt ſcope for the exerciſe and effects of various virtues.—In civilized ſociety wealth does, and muſt give influence; but it would be a wretched ſtate indeed, in which wealth ſhould be the only diſtinction.—A man whoſe anceſtors have rendered themſelves for a courſe of time eminent in the ſtate, has generally ſome among them, to whom he looks back for example, and whoſe virtues and abilities reflect luſtre on his deſcendants.—Though the depravity of our nature appears but too conſpicuouſly among the higher claſſes of mankind, yet among theſe too, talents and merit appear with greater ſplendour, and are of more ornament and ſervice to mankind than the ſame qualities in their inferiors.—Condeſcenſion and affability, for inſtance, would vaniſh, if we were all equal.—The charity and hoſpitality of a nobleman will be more admired and imitated than the ſame qualities in a wealthy tradeſman:—

"A ſaint in crape, is twice a ſaint in lawn."

In ſhort, every thing that decorates, or enlightens, is beſt ſeen from an eminence; nothing but pure patriotiſm, great poverty, and perfect equality, an aſſemblage we ſhall never ſee combined, could make a republic on a large ſcale at all ſupportable.——Believe me, I have no prejudice againſt monarchy mildly exerciſed, or duly limited; I conſider it as an inſtitution naturally growing out of that patriarchal ſovereignty which in the primitive ages the parent, doubly revered for his many years and great experience, was wont to exerciſe over his numerous and obedient offspring.—In a ſtate where no unalloyed good is indulged to us, we often ſhew our beſt wiſdom when of many evils we chuſe the leaſt.—For my own part, though I were ſo French and ſo new fangled as to conſider all legal governments as monſters let looſe to eat up liberty, I ſhould ſtill prefer the three-headed Cerberus, whoſe ſalutary terrors prevent the condemned from entering the regions of

bliſs,

bliſs, like our threefold government, whoſe terrors only affect the wicked;—even this, I ſay, I ſhould prefer to the many-headed hydra, who, breathing death and contagion indiſcriminately, may repreſent the barbarous genius of mob government.——Now that I am got into claſſical alluſions, permit me to *Burkify* a little longer, and to aſſure you that I ſhould be very much grieved to ſee that good old lady, or gentleman, (I know not which to call it,) the Conſtitution, cut up and diſmembered, becauſe it has a few wrinkles or grey hairs, or to ſee Medea's old kettle put on again, while Mr. —— and Lord L. ſtood chief cooks, and Tom Paine ſcullion.—I think I ſee Mary W—— and ſo many more public-ſpirited ladies bringing aprons-full of herbs, like witches, to the magic cauldron.—The ways of the Almighty baffle our penetration.—This temporary triumph of irreligion and falſe philoſophy will tear the maſk off the monſter, who, wrapt in the ſpecious diſguiſe of moderation, and ſpeaking the language

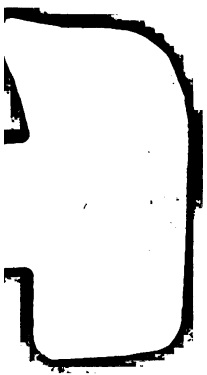
guage of ſentiment and liberality, has for near a century paſt been undermining the foundations of religion and morality.—— What pains have been taken to promulgate that profound diſcovery, that bigotry and religious zeal have done more hurt in ſociety, than ſcepticiſm and all the mere ſpeculative evils of philoſophy.——The reaſon is plain.—Great bodies of people were confederated together, under the influence of bigotry and ſuperſtition. The crafty and ambitious few made the paſſions of the well-meaning, though ignorant many, ſubſervient to their cruelty and avarice, and thus produced thoſe tragedies which deform the face of hiſtory.—But hitherto theſe enlightened philoſophers have been diſperſed here and there, without numbers or coheſion to enable them to begin their practical operations.—We have never till now ſeen a nation of refined enlightened infidels governed by the dictates of philoſophy, and it is to be hoped that the world will be terrified and warned by the dreadful ſpectacle.

——I here dedicate to you the firſt-fruits of my pen upon the arduous and intricate ſubject of politics, and as I am pretty much of opinion it will alſo be my laſt excurſion into thoſe unexplored regions, pray regard it with ſome fellow-feeling, it being like yourſelf—an only child.——Mr. G. has not yet conquered his aſtoniſhment at your growing fat.—" Bleſs me, Miſs O. fat! 'tis impoſſible :" his fancy had formed you a mere ſkeleton.—A few grey hairs begin already to adorn my temples.—The ſmall portion which fell to my ſhare of " celeſtial roſy red," has moſt ambitiouſly forſaken its native ſtation, and mounted up to my " lack-luſtre eyes."—Conſtant ſolicitude, and the cares of the nurſery have made me

" Like a meagre mope aduſt and thin,
" In a looſe night-gown of my own wan ſkin."

I will deſcribe no longer.—Come, ſee, and conquer.—Receive numberleſs loves from thoſe I beſt love, and believe me

Yours, from her heart and unaltered.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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